

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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TALE THAT BEATS THE FILMS

QUIET COURAGE OF A SERVANT GIRL

Story of Victor Hugo Matched in an English Kitchen

THE SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR

By Our Country Girl

Heroism in little things done in cold blood is often harder than in great deeds done in the exaltation of the moment.

That is why one of the most pathetic and heroic scenes in fiction is supposed to be in Victor Hugo's great but terrible novel *Les Misérables*, in which a beautiful but penniless young mother sells her perfect teeth to get money to feed her child; she goes out pretty, and returns toothless.

The other day I met a real Fantine. She is a little servant girl who has gone out into the world at the age when better-off girls are playing hockey, and just thinking of wearing a pigtail instead of a big bow on the top of their heads.

Fantine Sets Out

Fantine had many brothers and sisters, and the playtime of the poor is short. She screwed up her golden hair in a bun, put on an apron far too long for her, a faded dress far too short for her, and an old pair of boots which had been her mother's. Very proudly and willingly she set out to earn her living.

The time came when Fantine II was driven to the dentist by toothache. The dentist said a terrible thing: every tooth in her head must come out.

Do you realise why it was terrible? Fantine II was not afraid of the pain, but she knew that false teeth were expensive, and her father was overburdened as it was. However, he and the mother decided that they must go short of everything and buy the child a set.

They had reckoned without Fantine. She would not have them till she could pay for them out of her wages.

True Heroines and Sham Heroines

Fantine was one of the handsomest people I have ever seen. Now she became quite grotesque. She was terribly shy, so you can imagine how the chaff and nicknames of her fellow-servants hurt her, how she hated answering the bell. She lived on soft food for a year, and never spent a penny on the frills so dear to a girl's heart. She would not let her father pay a penny toward her deliverance, for that would have meant less in the porridge pot.

I think this was heroic. I think if we look about us we shall probably find heroism in unexpected places. I even incline to the belief that most mothers deserve the title of "heroine" far more than the actresses who ride bronchos and fire blank cartridges on the cinematograph screen.

A Long Jump at Eton



Eton College now has weekly fire-drill practices, and a great feature of the operations is the long jump from the windows into the sheet held below. As shown in this picture, the boys wear their top hats at the drill. See second picture on page 12

BRITONS GROWING MORE HEALTHY

It has been counted as a certainty in the past that war would be followed by pestilence, and that as many, or more, people would perish from disease after war as perished by violence in war.

That rule has prevailed in some countries after the Great War, but not in Britain.

Not only have attacks by diseases been fewer during the last two years, but the diseases have been less fatal. They seem to have lost some of their power. And the reason appears to be that knowledge of the effects of cleanliness, in person, homes, and surroundings, has been more widespread.

Here are a few facts about the danger of some diseases in the past compared with the present.

Typhoid fever forty years ago killed eleven times as many people as it kills today. Eight years ago nearly four times as many people caught typhoid fever as catch it today. Forty years ago scarlet fever killed 24 times as many children as it kills today. The total number of British children who died

during the first year after their birth was 60 per cent. higher fifteen years ago than it is today.

Consumption, which some thought would be increased by the war, is not so deadly now as in the past; and many believe that a cure for this most deadly of diseases has been found. At any rate, all the leading countries are beginning to test the inoculation cure introduced by a Swiss doctor.

The three aspirations of the past, to be healthy, wealthy, and wise, are not all fulfilled. The people of England are not more wealthy; it may be doubted whether they are very much wiser; but the wish to be healthy is certainly realised oftener than ever before.

When we compare the state of things today with the condition in Britain in years gone by we realise the wonderful progress that has been made by humanity. The terrible Black Death, for instance, carried off half the population, and men had practically no way of fighting these pestilences. They simply had to let them take their course.

LONDON ALLIGATOR BREAKS LOOSE

EXCITING ESCAPE THROUGH A WINDOW

Queer Adventures in Looking-Glass Land

PUT TO BED AFTER A WARM BATH

At the London Zoo recently an alligator took an unwarranted midnight stroll in the grounds.

By means unexplained the reptile, which is five feet and a half in length, escaped from its temporary home in the Tortoise House and scrambled up on to a window-sill. As Alice climbed through the mirror to enter the world through the looking-glass, so Master Alligator entered the world through the window.

A blow from his tail sent the glass crashing, and out into freedom went the fugitive.

But an alligator, though a cold-blooded reptile, is a native of a torrid climate; the chill night air of London froze this one's ardour. He waddled less than 50 yards, then lay down, content to die of cold.

Crippled by the Cold

In the chilly morning keepers found him rigid, helpless, almost dead, huddled up in a doorway. They carried him to a rousing hot bath, and in that he revived, and was content to be conducted back to ignoble safety and put to bed in his old home in the Reptile House.

This was, we believe, the first escape of an alligator at the Zoo, but nearly every order in the scheme of classification is represented in the volume of flights from authority. Sandy, the mighty orang, has been out. He broke through the roof, and when his keeper scaled a ladder in pursuit Sandy slipped behind him down the ladder, and shook it so violently with his hands that the keeper was nearly thrown to the ground. Jacob, his huge comrade, hurled a flower-pot through a window, got out, climbed a tree, built a nest, and stayed in it all night.

Big Chase in a London Park

That settled the long-disputed point as to whether oranges do make "nests"; and the Zoo authorities, when they got Jacob home again, had the structure photographed, and wired in as a lasting memorial of a unique occurrence.

George, a bear brought home by King Edward years ago, bolted one midnight from the cage whose bars he had snapped, and was chased through Regent's Park. He rushed, roaring, with open, foaming jaws, at his pursuers.

Whack! whack! A stout cudgel descended on George. In an instant his fighting spirit vanished, and he became as meek as a mouse. He patiently submitted to the fastening of a rope about his neck, and then, at the word of command, he shuffled back home, docile as a sheep. He had had his hour!

THE LAND RUNNING INTO THE SEA

STARTLING THEORY OF THE GEOLOGISTS

How the Hills and Valleys Have Been Formed

ROCKS THAT SPREAD LIKE TREACLE

A startling theory is now held by many geologists to account for the shape of the earth's crust, with its many hills and valleys.

What has caused these inequalities? Why are the continents not a series of plain, level surfaces?

Lieutenant-Colonel Tandy, of the Indian Survey, has just been lecturing on the subject to the Royal Geographical Society, and explaining the startling new theory of the circulation of the earth's crust, as it is called.

The old idea was that the mountains were formed by the crumbling of the crust as the earth cooled down, just as the skin of an orange wrinkles when the fruit dries up; and it was supposed that the crust, thus cooled and hardened, was fairly rigid. Then the rain and frost cracked up the tops of the mountains, and the winds and rivers and gravitation carried the pieces of rock down.

Balance of the Earth

Now, however, these things are not considered sufficient to account for all the conditions which we find, and the new theory makes the main reason for the inequalities of the surface of the land something quite different.

There is a principle known as isostasy, a name which comes from two Greek words meaning equal and standing. According to this principle the tendency of a globe made up like the earth of substances of different density, is to have the same weight of matter everywhere. The result is that where the consistency of the matter is light there will be bulges, and where it is heavy there will be depressions, in order that one particular section of the globe may be of the same weight as another particular section.

Nine Tons on Every Inch

This, according to Colonel Tandy and many geologists, is what really takes place on the earth.

The continents stand, on an average, about 15,000 feet higher than the ocean beds, and their weight causes a pressure on their base of eight or nine tons to the square inch. This pressure tends to cause the continents to spread out and creep into the sea, just as a great body of ice spreads out under pressure, or treacle runs in a basin when pushed.

This pressure is counteracted to some extent by the pressure of the sea against the sides of the continents, but as that is only about two tons to the square inch there are six or seven tons of pressure per inch to be accounted for. To a large extent this is met and resisted by the strength of the rocks.

Flow of the Valleys to the Hills

But the earth's crust is not uniform. Some of the rocks are weaker than others, and these, under the enormous pressure upon them, do actually spread out. Rocks in mines have been observed to creep.

As the wearing away of the mountains by the weather fills up the valleys there is an underground return flow from the deeps to the higher and lighter regions which prevents the whole earth from becoming a dead level.

It is clear from this theory, which is held by an increasing number of geologists, that the crust of the earth is not the firm and solid thing we have always supposed it, but is more or less acting in the same way as the sea, and is flowing, or spreading.

MUCH COVETED HONOUR

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race

STRENUOUS WORK ON THE RIVER

By Our Athletic Correspondent

What is the strange attraction of the University Boat Race?

Putney just now has a bad attack of "the Blues," and hundreds of people who know nothing of the art of rowing eagerly watch the two boats as they flash up and down the river.

The University Boat Race is one of the cleanest, fairest, and most purely amateur events in British athletics.

A rowing Blue—that is, the honour of rowing in the Boat Race against the rival university—can only be gained by a few in each generation, and the best qualities that go to make up a man—unselfishness, self-discipline, and resolution—are put to the severest tests.

The course over which the race is rowed is 4½ miles in length, and the race is all over in about 20 minutes, yet think of the months of preparation—skilled boat-builders at work on the delicate shells less than an inch in thickness, which yet have to be strong enough to bear the weight of 8 lusty young athletes, all more or less in the neighbourhood of 12 or 13 stone, workmen—as skilled in their own way as the boat builders—engaged in making the nicely balanced oars, coaches following their charges along the river banks, shouting out instructions. Putney just now is indeed a sight to see.

The crews row in all weathers, and just before the race are out twice a day, and row a very severe trial over the whole course, but they think little of these hardships, which are more than compensated for by the honour of representing their Varsity.

It is this spirit of true sportsmanship which has gained for the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race its unique place in the hearts of the British public, and lines the river banks from Putney to Mortlake with more than a million British people of all classes on Boat Race Day. Pictures on back page of Supplement

WORKING TO MUSIC

New Idea in Industry

One of the most practical of modern discoveries is that everyone is improved in every way by a cheerful mind.

It has long been admitted as regards health, but now happiness is recognised as a fine helper in work.

First, someone thought there might be some good in chasing away heavy feeling by letting men smoke, even at work, if the work allowed it and if they longed for a smoke. And it was found to answer.

Then it was remembered that music is a great enlivener, so why not have a musical accompaniment to work—perhaps only a gramophone, or perhaps a band? And they say that answers well.

But the real explanation is that the cultivation of a happy mind, whether by means of a band or by means of hopeful thoughts without a band, is the finest of all stimulants. It braces the whole being. Picture on page 12

LOOK AT YOUR SILVER

Is Our New Coinage Badly Made?

Have you seen anything wrong with the new silver coinage?

The Royal Numismatic Society, which of course makes coins its special study, complains that the new coins are "the most carelessly struck produced in any great mint since the establishment of the coinage press in the 17th century."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer pleads, in reply, that great speed in output has been necessary; but still he does not plead guilty of producing coins that, in the words of the Society, are "a national disgrace." Which is right?

GOOD ADVICE FOR NOTHING

London Mayor's Fine Idea

INQUIRE WITHIN UPON EVERYTHING

Many people are so well satisfied with themselves that they would not care to have advice from anybody.

But there are far more who need advice badly on all kinds of subjects, but do not know where to get it.

Magistrates, who are trusted, are beset by strangers in search of a wise friend, and magistrates often use their judgment well in guiding others.

And now a mayor, the Mayor of Shoreditch, has observed this wide public need, and has invited everybody in that borough to come to him, at a certain time on a certain day, and ask his advice on any subject.

In response to the invitation thousands have called to see him. The mayor's view of the public duties of a public man is so wide and fresh that it may almost be called new.

Prominent people are often asked for advice, but perhaps never before have they been approached in such numbers as have thronged to Mr. Girling, Mayor of Shoreditch.

Does it not show there is a need for a committee of advice in the midst of large populations? Mayors will not always be able to do such work even if they are willing.

Mr. Girling, Mayor of Shoreditch, has drawn attention to a great public need—the answering of the practical questions that perplex many people who do not know where to look for advice.

STOP, THIEF!

An Automatic Car Detective

The robbing of motor-cars has greatly increased of late. Sometimes the whole car is taken, and sometimes a rug, bag, or some other object in the car, is removed while it stands waiting.

These thefts have been particularly difficult to detect, but a new invention which has just been perfected and approved by the police authorities will make it difficult for the robber to escape.

An automatic detective is attached to the car—it may be placed in any part—and when it is set the slightest shaking or movement of the car will start a loud, long-range, electric hooter.

The Scotland Yard authorities have agreed to give instructions to their officers that any motor-car sounding this warning note shall be stopped.

When the owner, after making a call, returns to his car he touches a switch which renders the detective inoperative and quite unaffected by any movement. But when he leaves his car he turns on the switch by means of a kind of Yale key, which he takes away with him.

It is a splendid idea, and there will certainly be some excitement when the first of these "Stop, Thief!" sirens sounds.

THE LANGUAGE LIST

Marathi and Pali

Some weeks ago we gave a list of foreign languages, and wondered if our readers could tell us where these were spoken. The best attempt has been made by a fourteen-year-old Stroud Green boy.

He fails in only two of his answers. Marathi is a language spoken in Central and Eastern India. Poona is the large town most closely associated with it.

Pali, which our reader's answer links with India, is a literary rather than a spoken language, and is best preserved in Ceylon and Burma, in connection with the Buddhist religion.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Carthusian . . . Kar-thu-ze-an
Diderot . . . De-der-o
Mahratta . . . Mah-raht-tah
Massachusetts . . . Mas-sah-chu-sets
Ptarmigan . . . Tar-me-gan

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

Meaning of True Chivalry

KNIGHTS OF OLD AND KNIGHTS OF TODAY

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Fourteen hundred years ago the old knights of Britain used to be sworn to do their duty in these words:

"Sir, you that desire to receive the Order of Knighthood, swear, before God and by this Holy Book, that you shall not fight against the King who now bestoweth the Order of Knighthood upon you: you shall also swear with all your force and power to maintain and defend all ladies, gentlewomen, widows, orphans, and distressed women: and you shall shun no adventure of your person in any way or war wherein you shall happen to be."

Their oath was much the same as the promise that the Young Knights of the present time make when they become Boy Scouts, for they promise to serve God and the King and to help others, especially women and children, and not to think of their own trouble and risk as long as they do a good turn to others needing help.

Be a Young Knight

The knights, being mounted men, were called the "chivalry," the old word for "cavalry," from the Latin "cavallo" and the French "cheval," meaning a horse. Then any noble act done by a knight was said to be chivalrous, or knight-like, so the word chivalry now means doing the things that the knights of old did.

It is chivalry to do one's duty to God and the King, to help women and children and all people in distress, and to be plucky and brave in carrying out one's duty.

The great point about a knight in olden times was that he was always doing good turns or kindnesses to people. His idea was that everyone must die, but you should make up your mind that before your time comes you will do something good. Therefore, do it at once, for you never know when you may be called away to another life.

The Chivalry of Caesar

Politeness was another great virtue of the old knights.

They used to tell a story of Julius Caesar that when he was entertained to supper by a poor peasant the man gave him a dish of pickles to eat, thinking that they were the sort of vegetables a high-born gentleman would like.

Caesar was so polite that he ate the whole dish and pretended to like them, though they burnt his mouth and disagreed with him considerably.

I am afraid some other countries can still give us lessons in general politeness.

In Spain, if you ask a man the way, he does not merely point it out, but takes off his hat, bows, and says that it will be a great pleasure to him to show it, and walks with you until he has set you right upon it.

Rough Diamonds

He will take no reward. A Frenchman will take off his hat when he addresses a stranger. You may often see him do it in London, even when he asks a policeman the way.

A lady told me that when, in one of the Far West Canadian townships, she met a group of wild-looking cowboys walking down the street she felt quite alarmed. But as they got near they stood on one side and took off their hats with the greatest respect, and made way for her.

I am glad to say that the Boy Scouts are often spoken of as the Young Knights of modern times. They have earned this name for themselves by carrying out the law of the Scouts, and I hope they will always keep up that reputation for chivalry.

A THREE GALLON EGG

Little Birds from Big Shells

CURIOUS PROBLEM FOR THE NATURALISTS

In these days of dear food we are concerned that the eggs we buy or that our fowls lay shall be of a substantial size and weight.

But, though this is an important consideration where the egg is to be used for food, it does not matter so much if we are going to place the egg under a hen for the hatching out of a chicken, for the size and weight of an egg do not necessarily have any relation to the size of the bird that will come out of it.

This matter is dealt with in a very interesting manner by Mr. C. A. Ealand in his fascinating book *Animal Ingenuity of Today*, published by Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd., at 8s. 6d.

The kiwi, Mr. Ealand explains, lays an enormous egg for its size, one quarter as large as itself, in fact. The snipe and the blackbird are about the same size, yet the egg of the former is very much larger than that of the latter. For this reason it is unsafe to predict the size of a bird from the dimensions of its egg, as has been done in the case of certain fossil eggs of extinct birds.

A Giant Bird

Some of these eggs are of gigantic proportions, and, surmising that the mother must be as large in comparison, geologists have described imaginary birds too large to be credible. The egg of the extinct *Aepyornis*, for example, would contain about three gallons of material, so that it would certainly be welcomed on the breakfast table by a harassed housewife, who would have to ladle out the contents with a tablespoon into basins or soup plates.

Mr. Ealand's book deals with every kind of animal ingenuity—the skill shown by various creatures in defending themselves and their young, their stratagems to get food, their methods of house-building and rearing a family, their recreations, and so on. In fact, the volume is a perfect encyclopedia on the subject, and its interest is increased by the fine series of illuminating pictures.

SUPER-SILKWORMS

Insects that Spin Coloured Silk

An Armenian doctor has been successful in experimenting with silkworms with a view to make them produce silk of different colours.

This remarkable development is achieved by a new method of feeding, which is at present a secret.

A range of eighteen colours is obtained, from the usual white to deep black, including a rich gold and a particularly brilliant purple. No chemical is given to the silkworms in order to make them produce silk of the required colour.

These super-silkworms, as they are called, differ also from those bred in the ordinary way in that they produce from 600 to 800 yards more silk to the cocoon. This is due to the discovery by the doctor of a new food tree, a mulberry and osage orange hybrid, which apparently provides more nourishment than the mulberry tree alone.

PETER PUCK GETS A PRIZE

At a fancy dress party, given by the Mayor and Mayoress of Middlesbrough, one of our readers, Alan Morgan, took the second prize in the costume of Peter Puck as he appears in the C.N.

He had bright red shoes and stockings, a white waistcoat, collar with black satin bow, and a silk hat. On the back of his coat was a large white question mark.

Pictures of Peter Puck from the C.N. were mounted round his coat and on the sleeves. *Picture on page 12*

BRETHREN OF THE CHARTERHOUSE



An Early Morning Discussion



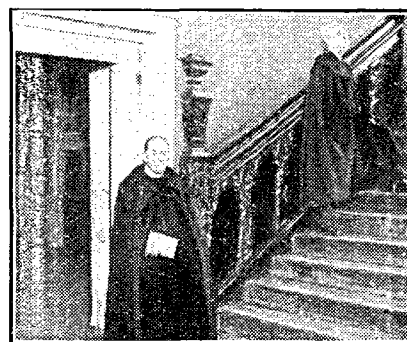
Passing through the Gateway



Waiting for the Bell to Sound



A Present from a Friend



On the Great Staircase



Sir Hubert Herkomer's Fine Picture of the Poor Brethren in the Charterhouse Chapel

Not far from the C.N. office, in the heart of busy London, is a delightful haven of rest known as the Charterhouse, shown in these pictures, where fifty aged men, called the Poor Brethren, live together in peace, as described by Thackeray in his great story *The Newcomes*. See next column

QUAINT RETREAT IN LONDON

THE CHARTERHOUSE AND ITS PENSIONERS

Historic Home Famed in Literature and Art

RICH MAN'S NOBLE PRAYER

It was announced the other day that the Poor Brethren of the Charterhouse were to have their allowance of £36 a year increased by £15 owing to the high cost of living.

Probably few people who read this knew what it meant, but the announcement recalls interesting memories of English history and English literature.

The Charterhouse is a fine collection of old buildings in the very heart of London, not far from the C.N. office, and, although it is surrounded by the surging bustle of modern life, within its walls is a haven of peace suggestive of the 17th or 18th century rather than of the 20th.

Beating Philip of Spain

After the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, the site, on which had stood a Carthusian monastery, passed through several hands till it was finally bought by Thomas Sutton, a wealthy 16th-century merchant, who by his clever international operations prevented Philip II from obtaining the supplies he needed for the Great Armada. This caused delay, and enabled England to make preparations for its defeat.

Thomas Sutton was a courtly gentleman, and it was said of him that, while "his riches increased and came upon him like a tide by his just acts," he "became frugal that he might be the more magnificent to many." He worked hard, "as if he coveted all," and gave away as if he desired nothing.

Charity ruled his life, and he was once overheard praying in his garden, "Lord, Thou hast given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use of it."

A Famous Picture

After buying the Charterhouse he founded there a school for forty poor boys, since removed to Godalming and become one of the greatest public schools in England; and a hospital, or home, for eighty old gentleman pensioners.

These were to receive £26 12s. a year, paid quarterly, with a room in the Charterhouse rent free, dinner in the hall, and a black gown that must be worn always within the precincts. The grant was afterwards increased to £36, and is now to be £51 a year.

The buildings, with their handsome chapel, great hall, fine oak staircase, and so on, are of great interest, and it has always been a proud boast that at the fireplace in the great kitchen fifteen sirloins of beef can be roasted at one time.

The Charterhouse has been for ever immortalised by Sir Hubert Herkomer in his famous painting of the Brethren in the Chapel, and by Thackeray in his great novel *The Newcomes*. Thackeray, like John Wesley, Addison, and Steele, was educated at Charterhouse School.

Thackeray's Fine Description

There are few scenes in literature more full of fine feeling and pathos than Thackeray's description of Colonel Newcome as seen worshipping in the chapel.

"His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His Order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the Poor Brethren uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered thither by Heaven's decree."

The full number of Brethren is eighty, and the bell calling to chapel sounds eighty strokes, but when one of the old men dies one stroke less is given to announce the fact. *Pictures on this page*

WHAT THE MOON WEIGHS AND HOW WE KNOW The Marvellous Things that Mathematicians Can Do SPEED OF THINGS THAT FALL

We recently mentioned in the C.N. that the weight of the moon was about 78 million million million tons, and many readers have asked us to explain how the moon is weighed.

Strictly speaking, the moon is not weighed at all. When we speak of the weight of anything we mean its tendency to fall to the ground, as when a pound of sugar pushes down the scale-pan; and the greater this tendency the heavier we say the object is. For convenience we use this tendency to fall, or weight, as a measure of mass—that is, the quantity of matter in a body; and when we speak of the weight of the moon we simply mean its mass, or the amount of stuff in it.

Now, the strange fact is that though the moon is so near to us it is far more difficult to find its actual mass than that of the sun or the most distant planet. Let us see why.

Experiment on a Mountain

Mathematicians have found that any body falling freely to the ground near the earth's surface passes through rather more than 16 feet in one second, and at the end of the second has a speed of 32 feet a second; at the end of the second second its speed would be 64 feet a second; and every second it would increase its speed 32 feet. This increase is called its acceleration.

If the experiment were made on a mountain top the acceleration acquired in the first second, and so on, would be less, for the acceleration of the force with which a body falls is diminished as the distance from the earth's surface or centre is increased. If we go twice the distance the force of gravity is not one half but one quarter; if three times the distance it is one ninth. As Newton taught us, it diminishes "in inverse proportion to the square of the distance."

Travelling in a Curve

This being the case we can find the mass of the sun. The earth in moving through space would go forward in a straight line but for the sun's attraction, which pulls it round so that it travels in a curve. In other words, the earth cannot go straight because it is continually falling a little out of the straight toward the sun.

Knowing the distance of the sun from the earth and the time the earth takes to travel right round the sun, scientists can work out how far the earth falls toward the sun in a given time.

The earth is 93,000,000 miles from the sun, and the distance the earth falls toward the sun in a second is found to be 0.116 of an inch. A body at the earth's surface is 4,000 miles from its centre, and it falls 16 feet in a second.

Falling of the Moons

If it were removed 93,000,000 miles away we can work out that it would fall in a second 0.000,000,349 of an inch. This is only one-332,000th of the fall due to the sun's attraction, and so we know that the mass of the sun is 332,000 times that of the earth, or, as we should say, it weighs 332,000 times as much as the earth.

The mass of any planet that has moons is similarly worked out by studying the fall of the moons toward their particular planet.

But when we come to our own moon, which has no satellite of its own, we cannot use this comparatively simple method. We have to follow a more difficult process. There are various methods of discovering the mass of the moon, and the most common is that of studying what is known as the monthly oscillation, or inequality, in the sun's apparent movement.

Continued in the next column

WASHINGTON IN ENGLAND

To Take His Stand in Trafalgar Square

The American people are specially proud of the statue of George Washington by Houdon, a French sculptor, which stands in the precincts of the State Parliament of Virginia.

Now an association of American people, who value highly the kinship and friendship between the two great branches of the English-speaking race, are offering two replicas in bronze of the statue, which is in white marble.

One replica is to be placed in Trafalgar Square, by the entrance to the National Gallery, and the other has been offered to, and accepted by, Liverpool.

George Washington was an honourable man who commanded the admiration of a majority of the people of this country even when he was opposing them in war, and his fame has grown.

Great Britain will be very glad to welcome the statue of one of the most successful of her old-time enemies.

TIGERS THAT LAUGHED

And a Bear that Searched a Boy's Pocket

A schoolboy up in London from the Isle of Wight tells us what he saw at the Zoo.

I was conducted round by a friend, who is a member of the Zoological Society and knows the personal names of many of the larger animals.

The most homely animals of the cat tribe are the two tigers Rajah and Rane, and we tickled them till they laughed.

But the most affectionate animal is Winnie, the black bear. She will hug you without doing the slightest harm. Also, she will search your pockets for food.

We had an interesting time in the Reptile House. The keeper annoyed the rattlesnake so that we might hear the loud rattle. He also gave us a young alligator and a snake to hold. My friend put the snake round his neck, it being quite harmless. I also held the snake.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE AIR

Making Navigation Safe

Objects that lie forty-five feet below the surface of the sea have been clearly photographed from aeroplanes, and aeroplane photography will make it possible to make maps of the greatest value, showing sand bars, shoals, terraces, and channels beneath the water.

These photographs have to be taken under suitable conditions of the atmosphere, as submarine objects are not always visible; but the new method enables geographers to take a further step toward making navigation safe.

Continued from the previous column

In everyday language we speak of the moon travelling round the earth in a month, but what really happens is that the earth and the moon move together as one body round a common centre of gravity, as if they were joined by a great bar of steel.

It is not, as a matter of fact, therefore, the earth that moves in an ellipse round the sun, but this common centre of gravity of the earth and moon reckoned as one body, and the result is an oscillation of the sun's apparent movement which enables us to find out just where the centre of gravity of the earth and moon, taken together, is.

Careful calculations have proved that this centre is situated within the earth's body, about 2900 miles from the earth's own centre.

That is found to be about one-81st part of the moon's distance from the earth, and so it is reckoned that the earth's mass must be about 81 times that of the moon. As the earth weighs about 6000 million million tons, this figure divided by 81 gives the approximate weight, or mass, of the moon.

INVENTIONS & IDEAS

Things Just Patented

By Our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have been only just patented, and the Editor has no further information

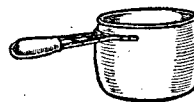
A GRAMMAR TEACHER

A box has compartments corresponding to the parts of speech, each of a distinguishing colour. Cards bearing words enable sentences to be made up, and each card is coloured according to its part of speech.



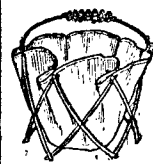
A HANDLE FOR A SAUCEPAN

This handle, instead of being welded to the saucepan, is separate from it. The curved part fits round and grips the saucepan, and is riveted in position. It can be adapted to other receptacles, such as glue-pots.



A COLLAPSIBLE BAG

A bag of flexible material, such as cloth or leather, is attached all round to a circular lazy-tongs arrangement, fitted with a handle. The bag can then be opened to various degrees, making bags of different sizes according to the need of the moment.



NOVEL CURLING TONGS

This apparatus consists of a metal tube adapted to receive a heating rod. The



hair is wound round and secured by a tape, a large tube is placed over the whole, and a heating rod inserted.

A WATCHFUL POLICEMAN

This is a mechanical toy in which one figure—a robber—puts his head in and out of a window, while a policeman, waiting outside, alternately raises and lowers his truncheon. The movement is obtained by levers attached to the wheels.



TO PREVENT LADDERS FROM SLIPPING

A socket, or shoe, is so made that the end of the ladder can be placed inside. Screws hold the ladder firmly in the socket; and a hinged cup, which acts as a sucker, grips the ground and enables the ladder to be placed at any angle, thus preventing it from slipping.



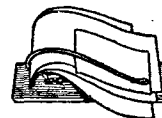
A FOLD-UP TROUSER-STRETCHER

This is on the principle of the lazy tongs, and closes into a small space. When in use clamps hold the trousers at each end, and the stretcher can be opened to any length, being locked in position by a rack.



A SPRING PAPER-HOLDER

A curved spring is attached at one end to a back plate, the other end being loose and fitting tight to the plate. This can be pulled away and paper placed in position, the spring closing with a snap and pressing the papers.



A BOTTLE EMPTIER

This device for emptying bottles easily consists of a bent tube, or spout, fitted into the cork-stopper. It has a plug-cock operated by a wire, one end of which is attached to a lever on the cock, and the other end to a crank lever secured to the bottle neck by means of a spring clip.



THE WEEK IN HISTORY

THE UNLUCKY ADMIRAL Parliament that Lasted Nearly Twenty Years

HEROINE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

March 13. Joseph Priestley born near Leeds. 1733
14. Admiral Byng shot at Portsmouth. . . . 1757
15. Julius Caesar assassinated in Rome. . . . 44 B.C.
16. Long Parliament dissolved. 1660
17. Madame Roland born in Paris. 1754
18. London-to-Paris telephone first used. . . 1891
19. Six Englishmen founded Massachusetts. . 1623

Admiral John Byng

THOUSANDS of soldiers have been shot for failure in their duty, but only one admiral. That admiral was John Byng, the son of a fighting admiral, George Byng.

John Byng was shot on the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war in a British naval port, by sentence of a court-martial.

A law had been passed to ensure that naval commanders did their duty. The penalty under this law for any one of three offences was death. These offences were cowardice, treason, and negligence, and Admiral Byng was found guilty of negligence, but was recommended to mercy. King George II declined to show mercy, and Admiral Byng faced the firing party with unshaken bravery.

As commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean he had been ordered to relieve Minorca, which the French were besieging. Byng bungled the control of his fleet badly, and sailed away, leaving the French victorious.

Byng was not a fighting admiral, but a muddler. But to shoot him was monstrous, for he should not have been chosen for the work.

The Long Parliament

THE Long Parliament was the longest that ever sat, and it made the most history.

It met on November 3, 1640, and was dissolved on March 16, 1660, so it lived 19 years and 4 months, though its life was not a full life, as many of its members were, for a time, kept out forcibly.

As soon as this Parliament was elected it insisted on reforming gross abuses established by King Charles I. Then came the great Civil War.

One of the laws passed was that the Parliament should only be dissolved by its own vote. When the army became master the Presbyterian members of the Parliament were turned out by Colonel Pride's cavalry, and the members left were called the Rump Parliament. This Parliament would not dissolve itself, but Cromwell turned them out.

After Cromwell's death the army recalled the members of the Rump Parliament; but when General Monk arrived in London he used his influence to call up all the members of the Long Parliament, and it then dissolved itself according to its own law.

Madame Roland

MADAME ROLAND was the greatest heroine of the French Revolution. A brilliantly clever woman, she early became an enthusiastic Republican, and when her husband, a hard-working but rather commonplace man, was made Minister of the Interior, she wrote for him the suggestions he made to the Parliament or to the country.

As the Revolution grew more violent and bloodthirsty she and her husband drew back toward the more moderate party. Then both were seized and flung into prison. M. Roland escaped. His wife was sent to the guillotine, a martyr to her moderation in a cause she sincerely upheld. Her exclamation as she went calmly to her death will live as long as the French Revolution is remembered: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

On hearing of her death her husband took his own life, leaving the message that he "wished not to remain longer on an earth polluted with crimes."

Even the scrap is to be utilised, and the central strand of cable is as good as new.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 12 1921

Fault-Finding

ONE day a friend came to Tennyson and pointed out a blemish in the Ode to a Nightingale by Keats, and Tennyson said:

"I wish you had not told me, for now I shall always see it."

This is one of the greatest drawbacks of real criticism, and one of the greatest condemnations of small fault-finding. There must be criticism, for true criticism is helpful; but there need not be miserable fault-finding.

The way to avoid giving pain is always to look out for what is good and splendid, both in books and people. If we have eyes only for faults, if we are for ever prying, peering, peeping to discover a blemish, we shall never get the best out of people and books, and never make a great and lasting friendship.

Mr. Austin Dobson has unearthed for our enlightenment this ancient and forgotten tale:

A Critic, presenting Apollo with a very severe Censure upon an Excellent Poem, was asked for the good Things in that Work. But the Wretch answering, He minded only its Errors, Apollo ordered a Sack of unwinnowed Wheat to be brought, and Critic to pick out and take all the Chaff for his Pains.

This story tells the truth of life. To find excellence we must look for it. A person who wants to be happy must keep his face to the sunny side of the hill, and, even when duty leads him into the dark places of life, he must look for the best and noblest in that region; otherwise he will have only chaff for his pains.

There is a well-known story of the Disciples turning their heads away in disgust as they hurried past the carcass of a dead dog, while the Master stopped, confronted the sad carrion, and said: "Pearls have not the whiteness of those teeth."

One of the greatest critics who ever lived was Diderot, and this noble Frenchman said:

I am more affected by the charms of virtue than the deformity of vice; I quietly turn away from the wicked, and fly forward to meet the good.

Someone said of him that he never encountered a wicked man or a bad book, for he always imputed to his acquaintances some good quality of his own. "We picture him (said somebody) with his head forward and his arms stretched out, always ready, if you pleased him ever so little, to embrace you at first sight."

This is the true attitude of all greatness. To be on our knees peeping through keyholes is to lose the full stature of manhood and womanhood. If we want our country to be great we must be great ourselves, looking for excellence, loving what is good, giving ourselves gladly and gratefully, not to fault-finding, but to making things better.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Three Stories

It is always interesting to have glimpses of great people in times of deep emotion, and three of these have lately been given to the world.

One of them is of Lord Kitchener, who relieved himself from the stress and strain of a crisis in the war by going down to Knole House to take impressions of the beautiful mouldings of the doors for his own house. Another is of Lord Fisher, who, while at the Admiralty, was seen one day at a registry office, interviewing parlourmaids. Those are small things, but the third picture will live in history.

It is of General Botha, who was sitting in a London drawing-room describing the signing of the Peace Treaty. He told how, at the signing, he had turned to General Smuts and said: "I am the worst speaker in this room, but on this occasion I could make a fine speech. If I were Rantau, standing in front of those papers, I would say to my enemies there, 'The war has been fought; you have won; we have lost. You have got our ships, you have got our guns, but our people are starving. . . . I do not look at these; I sign.'"

There was hardly an eye in the drawing-room without a tear as Botha repeated this in London and said simply, "This would have touched the heart of every mother in Europe."

Again we see what a great human figure Botha was, and well may we pray that his wisdom will not pass from South Africa while he lies in its soil.

Do You Know You?

It is surprising, says an old thinker, that the greatest part of mankind cannot be prevailed upon to visit themselves. *They are nowhere greater strangers than at home.*

What does he mean by that? Well, he is not talking nonsense. He is merely putting into new and striking words what another wise man said thousands of years before. This other wise man said, *The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth.*

Few of us ever withdraw from the crowding excitements of life, or from its daily duties, to make acquaintance with ourselves. We look in the glass to brush our hair, but we do not sit down and make a mirror for our souls by reflecting.

That is how a man can get to know himself. He must reflect on what he thinks he thinks. He must ask himself, Why do I do this? How have I come to think that? In what manner do I *superintend* my mind?

There is much to be learned by paying a visit at home. Only a fool sends his eyes to the ends of the earth.

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.

A Plea for Liberty

It is well everyone should know that keeping a dog chained for an unreasonable length of time without exercise is punishable by law to the extent, it may be, of a £25 fine.

Every dog hates confinement to a kennel. Best of all it loves those who take it for a walk. If chained up long it grows dull, morose, and often dangerous. The watch-dog may properly be kept to a certain round of duty. It is proud of having done well the duty it understands, but every dog should have a reasonable round of natural life; otherwise it is a pitiful slave.

Unfair confinement of dogs is due, as a rule, to thoughtlessness, and the knowledge that the law does not allow harsh treatment should have a good effect by making owners feel sympathy with their dog friends.

Tip-Cat

"I was poorer when I left office," says Mr. Asquith, "than when I entered." No reflection, of course, on anyone in the office.

A MAN lives longer by growing a beard, according to a doctor. He has to. It takes him longer to attend to it.

TAKE courage from the history of the Empire, says Lord Grey. But the

Empire would have no history if we take courage away.

"I AM not, I think, exceptionally stupid," an M.P. says. But that's what we all think.

LADY RHONDDA thinks woman must come down off the pedestal. Time man had a turn on it.

THE United States has one motor-car for every fourteen people, and the fourteen people always seem in the way of the one motor-car at the street corner.

"WEST-END restaurants," we are told, "were never so empty as now." Have they caught the complaint from their customers?

Pricking the Bubble

THE French musician Saint-Saëns tells a story about himself that illustrates the contemptibleness of flattery when it stands exposed.

At the age of 20 he gave at the house of Rossini, the popular musician of the moment, a duet he had composed. The audience supposed the piece had been written by Rossini, and as he stood with the young composer by his side they crowded round him, exclaiming that it was marvellous! A masterpiece! until they had exhausted the language of adulation.

"I agree," said Rossini; "it was written by this young gentleman."

The bubble of flattery was never more neatly and completely pricked.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If the Chancellor
keeps the Great
Seal at the Zoo

March

THE year runs out of the snow
To a rainbow arch
Whose flowers tremble and glow
With the sun's red flame,
And whose name
Is March.

THE year cries, "Here will I rest
And dream of the larch
And the primrose bright on the breast
Of the Spring's new birth."
But the earth
Says "March!"

No rest at the gate of Spring,
No halt at her arch,
The highway of Time must ring
And its dust be hurled
By a world
On march. H. B.



The Great Housing Problem
Homes for All but Him

Pooterino

By Our Country Girl

WE have a lodger. At least, he came as a lodger to wait with us till we found him a good home; but, somehow, I think that Pooterino may become a permanency.

He seems to be all ribs, like a broken umbrella, but a little chocolate-coloured hide is stretched over his skeleton. By an effort of imagination you might describe him as a dog.

One of us rescued him from a dark shed, where he was tied up by a piece of string the length of his body—there is still a great sore on his neck.

But he is looking better already. His legs do not tremble now, his eyes do not look quite so much as if they were about to pop from his skull; in a day or two he will be strong enough to take a disinfectant bath; in a week or two he will be quite debonair.

"I think," mused the head of the house—"I think there's whippet in him."

Our youngest looked up.

"What kind of a disease is whippet?" she asked.

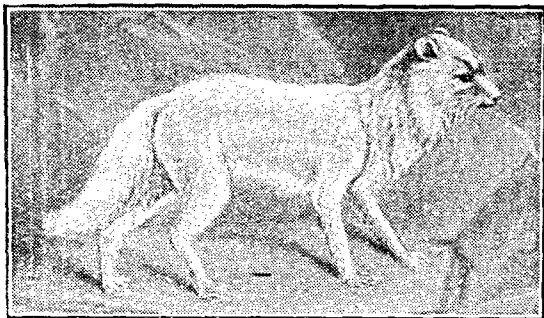
A Prayer to the Keeper of the Stars

Father, who keepest
The stars in Thy care,
Me, too, Thy little one,
Childish in prayer,
Keep, as Thou keepest
The soft night through
Thy long white lilies
Asleep in Thy dew.

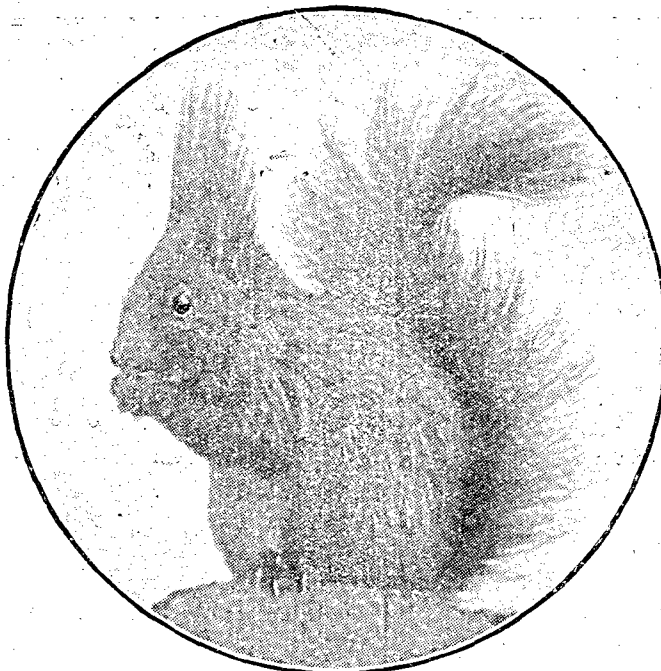
CHARLES ROBERTS

The Children's Newspaper Special Pictorial Supplement

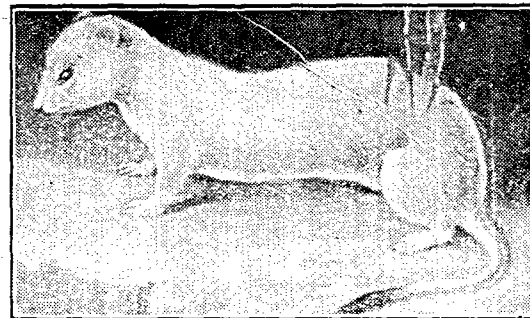
ANIMALS AND BIRDS THAT ARE NOW CHANGING THEIR COATS



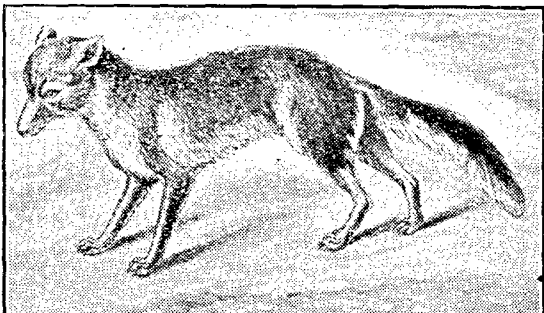
The Arctic Fox in His Winter Coat



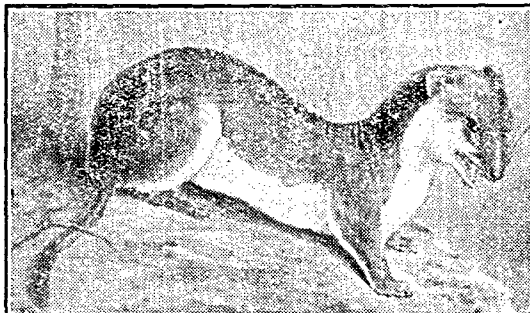
The Playful Little Squirrel Enjoys the Spring Sunshine



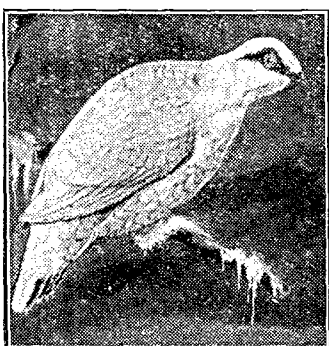
The Ermine, or Stoat, in His Winter Coat



The Arctic Fox in His Summer Clothes



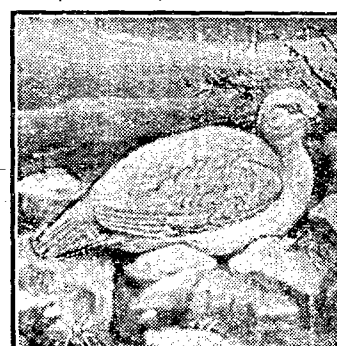
The Ermine, or Stoat, in His Summer Clothes



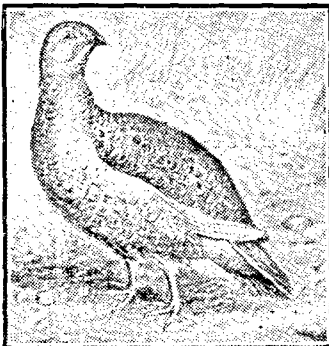
Willow Grouse in Winter Plumage



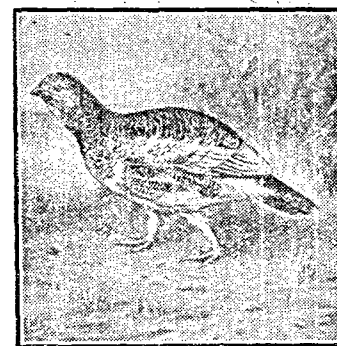
A Group of Alaskan Bears seen when Their Fine Fur Coats are at Their Best



Ptarmigan in Winter Plumage



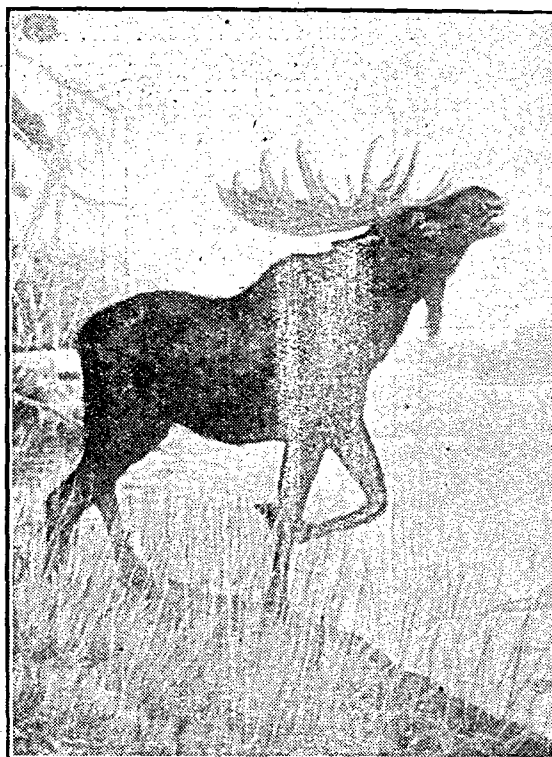
Willow Grouse in Summer Plumage



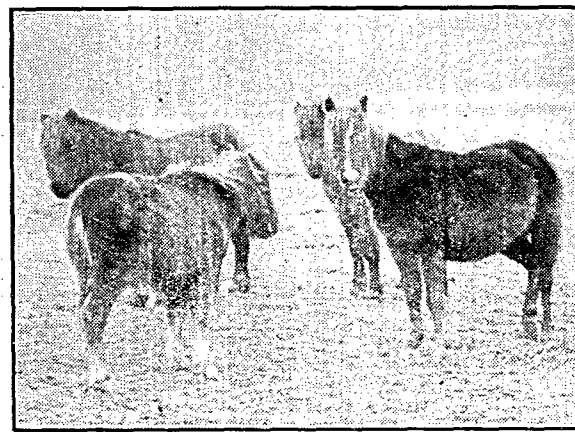
Ptarmigan in Summer Plumage



Bison in Canada as They Appear in Spring



A Moose in His Lighter Spring Coat



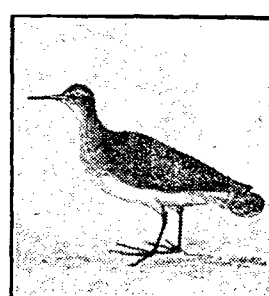
Shetland Ponies in Their Winter Coats



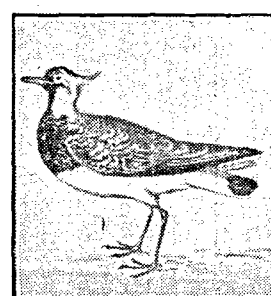
The House Sparrow



Little Grebe, or Dabchick



Common Sandpiper



Peewit, or Lapwing

Many animals and birds, such as those shown on this page, change their coats as the spring advances and are now donning their summer clothes. In some cases the coat or plumage is white in winter to correspond with the snow amid which the creature lives, and in spring this changes to a brown or grey. In other cases, like that of the bear and squirrel, the coat merely gets less thick as the warm weather approaches; while some birds, like the dabchick and the house sparrow, make only slight changes in colour

The Children's Newspaper Special Pictorial Supplement

£200 TO BE GIVEN AWAY TO READERS IN A



Here is a splendid opportunity of testing your knowledge of geography. On this page are representative types of the 48 nations associated in the great League of Nations, on which depends the peace of the world. Many of these types you have seen before in the C.N. and in My Magazine, and others are to be seen in books of geography and travel. Look at the pictures and see how many nationalities you can identify.

To the reader who identifies all the 48 we shall give a reward of £100, and in addition there will be 50 rewards of £1 each, and 100 rewards of 10s. for those who come next in order of merit. If no one succeeds in naming the whole of the 48 correctly, the £100 will go to the reader who comes nearest,

and in the event of m reserves the right to di
On a sheet of paper j
and then against each
to which you think the
thus—1, Chinese. The

I enter this Competition

Signed.....

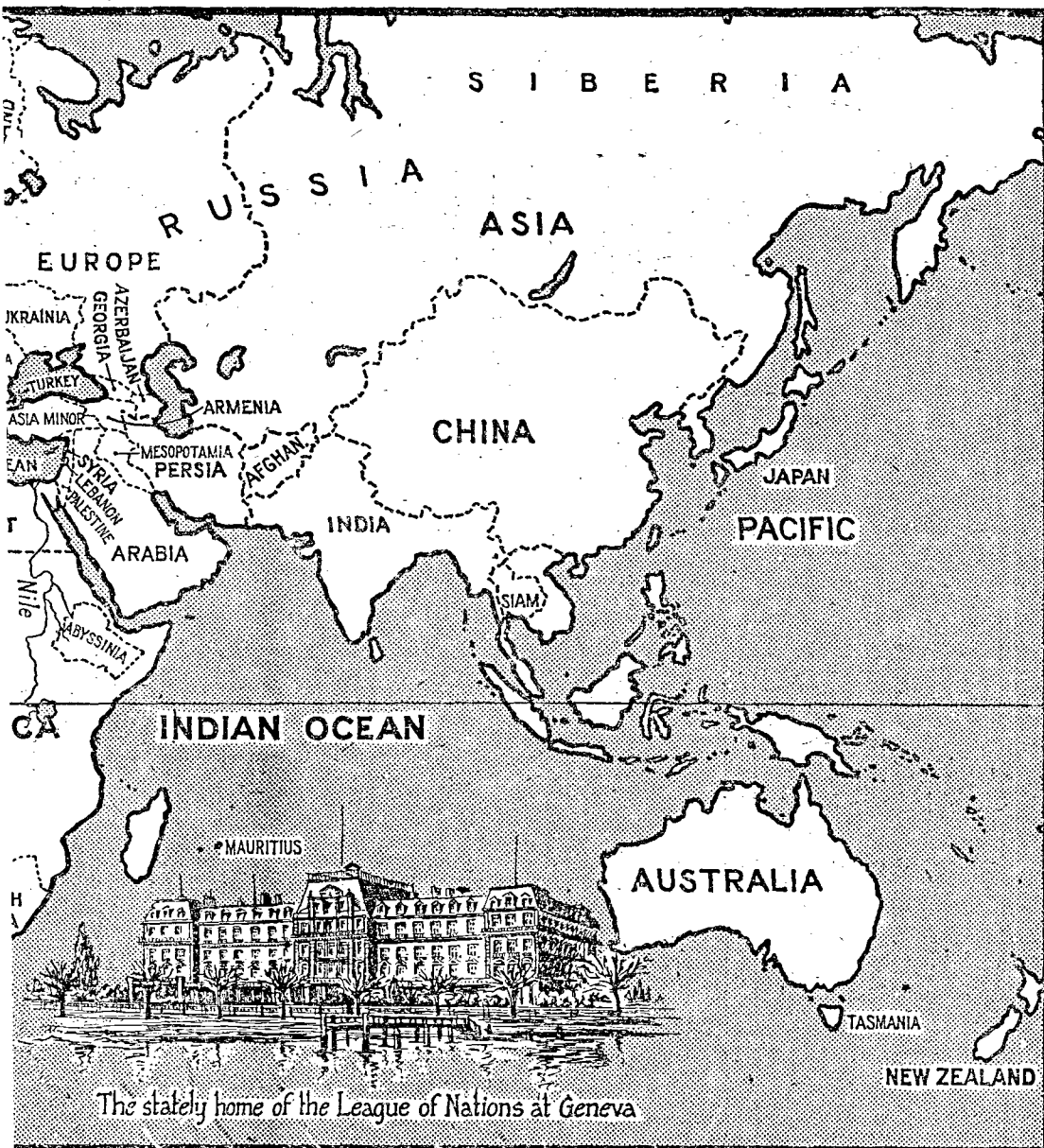
Address



MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING THE COUNTRIES AS THEY APPEAR TODAY AFTER THE COMING OF THE GREAT PEACE—48 OF THESE I

The map of the world, as will be seen above, is very different from what it was before the Great War. New countries have arisen, old frontiers have been changed, and in many parts of the world has been a rearrangement such as has not taken place for a hu

LEAGUE OF NATIONS GEOGRAPHICAL TEST



one being correct the Editor or all of the prizes. In order the numbers 1 to 48, write the name of the nation shown in the picture belongs, the form on this page, pin it

to accept the Editor's decision

to your solution, and post to C.N. Examination, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, to arrive not later than Wednesday, April 6. Only one name may appear against each number, but readers may send in more than one complete list provided they pin to each list one of these forms cut from the C.N.

The examination is open to all readers of the C.N., and you may obtain help from any source—books, friends, and so on. In next week's C.N. a full list of the countries in the League of Nations will be given. No lists can be returned, no correspondence can be entered into, and the Editor's decision is final. No employee of the proprietors of this journal is allowed to compete.



NOW ASSOCIATED IN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, AND THE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW REPRESENTATIVE TYPES OF EACH OF THESE 48 NATIONS

years. The future peace of the world depends upon the League of Nations, which has now been joined by 48 countries, types of whose

people are shown in these pictures. £200 is offered to readers who identify the nationalities of these people as described above.

The Children's Newspaper Special Pictorial Supplement

GETTING READY FOR THE GREAT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE



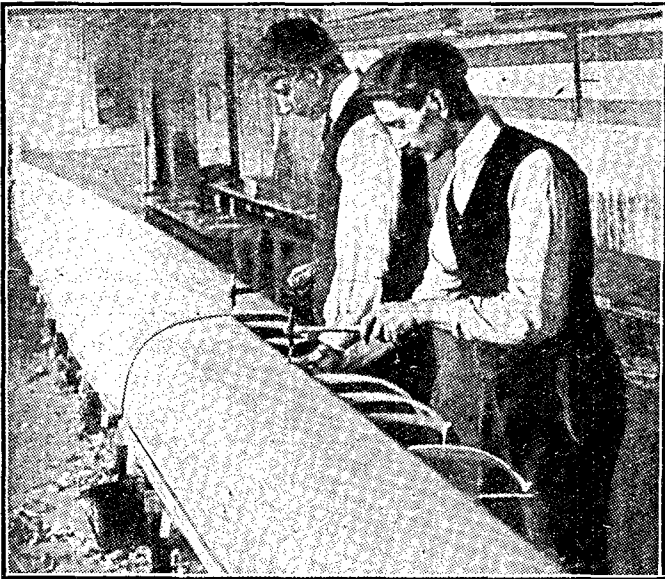
W. H. Porritt, the Oxford Coxswain



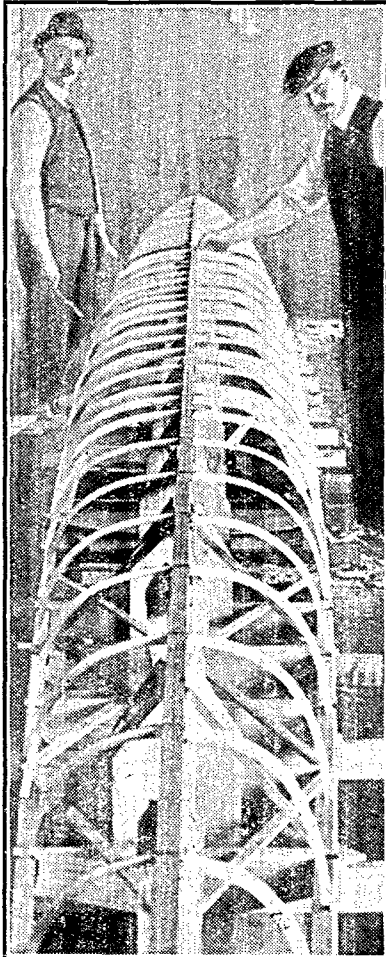
The Oxford Crew Preparing for a Spin While a Dog Stands by as an Interested Spectator



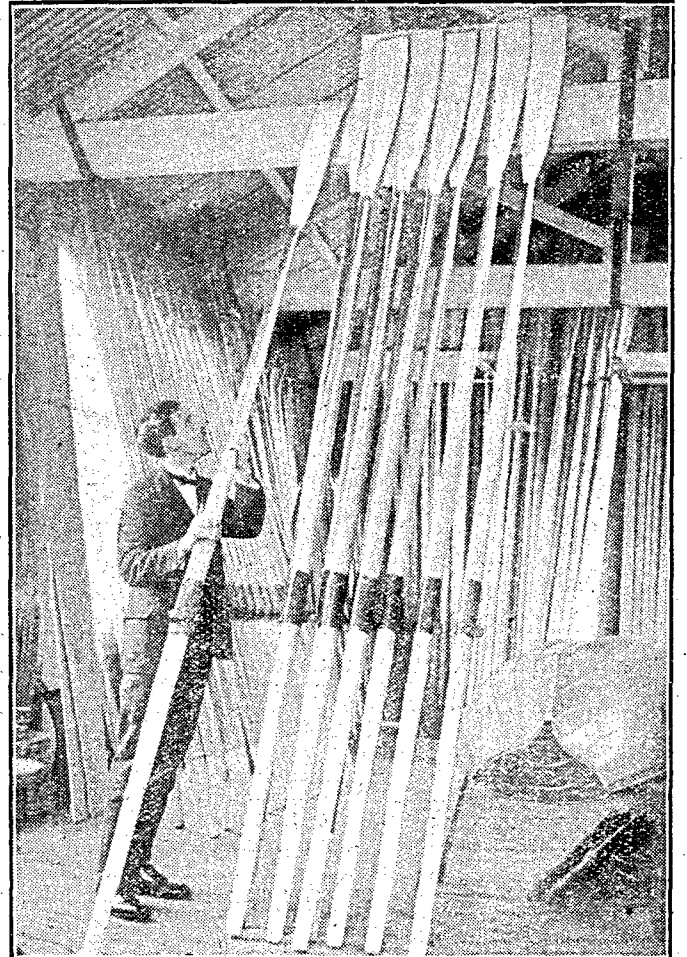
L. E. Stevens, the Cambridge Coxswain



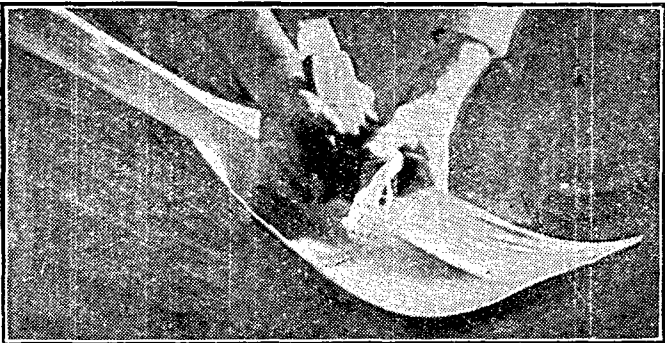
Fixing the Skin on the Varsity Boat



Building the Cambridge Boat at Putney



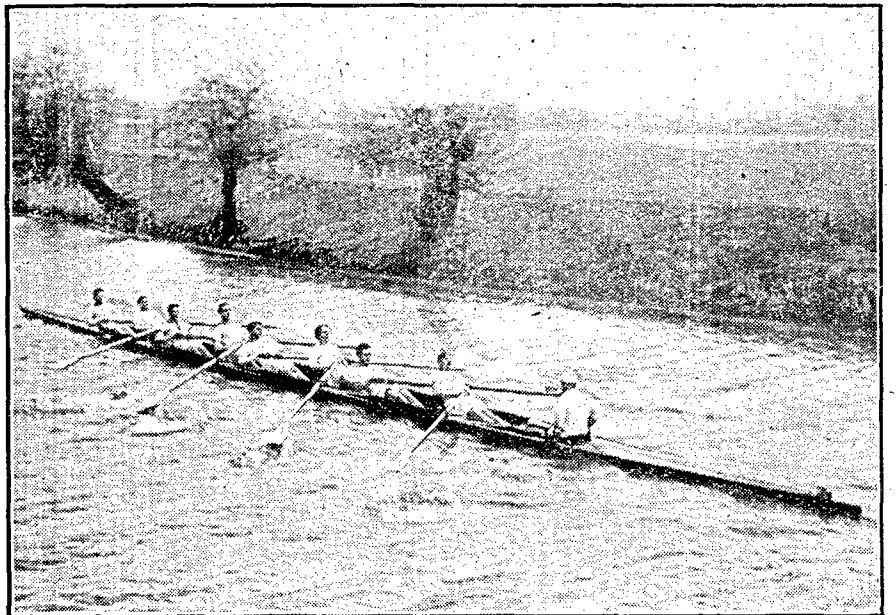
Inspecting the Oars for the Cambridge Boat



Shaping the Blade of an Oar



The Oxford Crew at Work on the Thames at Oxford



The Cambridge Crew at Practice on the River Cam

No athletic event of the whole year creates so much interest throughout the country, especially in schools and colleges, as the great University Boat Race, and here we see some of the tremendous preparations which have to be made before this race of twenty minutes can be rowed. See page 2

March 12, 1921

The Children's Newspaper

7

GREAT RIVER OF COMMERCE SPOILING THE RHINE FOR NAVIGATION

Scheme that Would Drain off Its Water

WILL THE WORLD'S COMMERCE BE DIVERTED?

By a Special Correspondent

One of our many advantages as islanders is that all our rivers belong to us and nobody else. It is difficult for us to imagine the plight of a nation whose principal river belongs to three or four other countries as well as its own.

Such a case is presented by the famous River Rhine, about which a new trouble has arisen since the war, and a trouble which may possibly have extraordinary consequences for the whole of Europe, including our own British Islands.

The French have now got possession of the left bank of this river, and are desirous of taking up a German scheme to employ Rhine water for electrical power. They wish to run a canal beside the river, filling it from the Rhine, and to build four immense weirs, or barrages, by which the machinery of electrical plant would be set in motion.

River with One Great City

Such a scheme at the first glance seems innocent enough, but in reality it threatens the whole of Europe with changes of the most momentous order.

An English gentleman who has the whole of this business at his fingers' ends, and whose opinions are carrying great weight on the Rhine Commission, has been kind enough to give us his views about this great matter.

Ask your readers, he said, to tell you how many industrial cities stand on the greatest of our English rivers, old Father Thames. They will have to say "only one." That is a very striking fact about the Thames. It is a river of one great city. But how different is the Rhine, which flows through Switzerland, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland; on its banks stand eight or nine great cities of enormous commercial importance, some of them forming huge industrial districts which are famous throughout the world.

Scheme that Would Ruin the Rhine

No river on the continent of Europe serves so vast a field of commerce. Therefore anything which happens to that river is of international importance; and this proposal to canalise the Rhine means nothing more or less than the ruin of the river for navigation purposes.

The main opposition to the French scheme comes from Switzerland.

Switzerland gets its goods from London, chiefly coal and cotton, by means of the Rhine. Those goods go from London by steamer to Rotterdam, from Rotterdam they proceed in large barges to Cologne, from Cologne in smaller barges to Strasburg, and from Strasburg in smaller barges still to Basle.

The Rhine and the Rhone

The navigation of the Rhine is a difficult business; between Cologne and Strasburg the barges have to steer past the famous Lorelei Rock, and after Strasburg, in smaller barges, the sailors have to make their way with less water to help them up to their destination of Basle.

Now, for 200 days in the year the sailors can rely on finding six or seven feet of water at Basle. But if the Rhine is canalised they will not be sure of even two feet of water, and so all navigation will be impossible.

But not only will Switzerland have to suffer; European history may be changed by this scheme.

The Swiss, the expert says, will not sit idly under this threat to their prosperity.

Continued in the next column

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Tinned kangaroo tail soup from Australia is now being sold in London.

The recent census shows the population of Norway to be 2,646,306, about a third the population of London.

Parachute as a Life-Saver

During the war 750 English officers and 800 Frenchmen saved themselves from burning balloons with parachutes.

Summer-Time Coming Round

Summer-time in the United Kingdom is to be introduced on the night of Saturday, April 2, and to go on till Sunday night, October 2.

40,000 Miles of Earthquake

The recent great earthquake in China affected an area of 40,000 square miles. Whole villages were buried, thousands killed, and in many places half the houses have been destroyed.

There are 32,680,000 trade unionists in Europe and the British Empire.

The world's wheat harvest for 1920 amounts to 331,250,000 quarters, an excess of 125 million over that of 1919.

Passengers by Weight

On the New York to Chicago air service passengers are to be charged according to their weight.

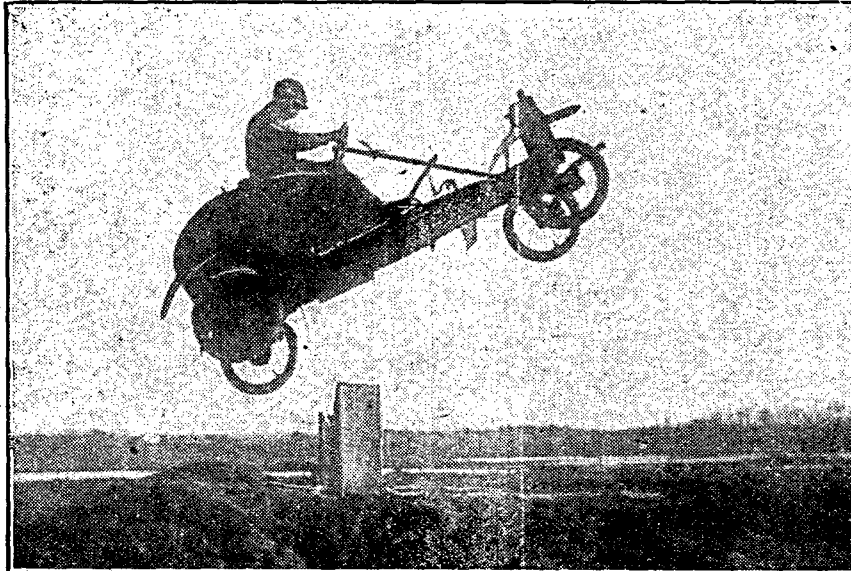
Non-stop Gramophones

A new invention automatically carries back the gramophone needle to the beginning of a record, and starts the music all over again.

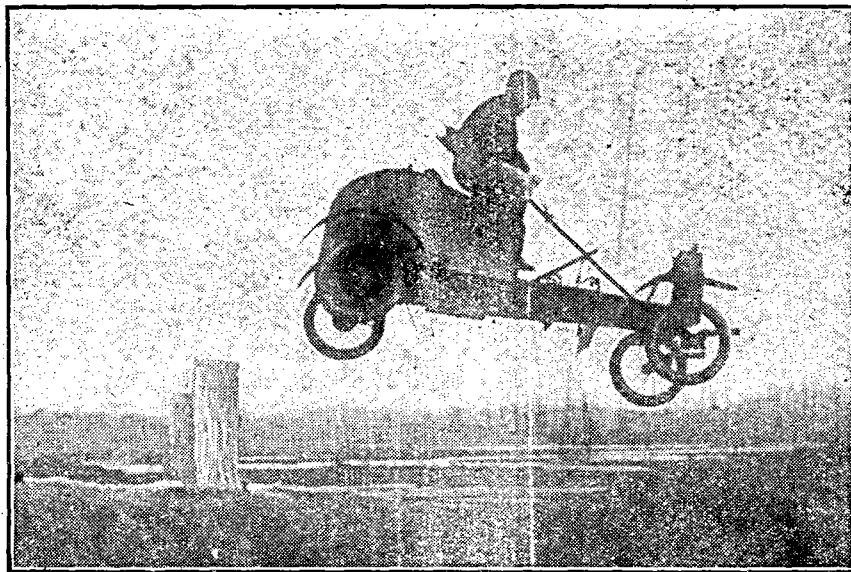
A Woman Professor

For the first time a woman, Miss Anne McIlroy, M.D., a doctor of science, has been appointed by London University as a professor at the School of Medicine for Women.

MOTOR-CAR CLEARS A FENCE



The Car Going Over the Top



Coming Down to Earth Again

A French engineer, Monsieur Georges Gauthier, has invented a motor-car which will jump a fence like a horse, and here we see it in the act of clearing the obstacle

Continued from the previous column

Suppose the seven nations on the Rhine Commission decide that France is to have her way, what will happen? The Swiss will canalise the Rhone. They must have an outlet to the sea. They cannot afford to be landlocked. A waterway is as essential to them as harbours to us. So they will canalise the Rhone—which means that the vast traffic that now comes to London will eventually go to Marseilles.

Marseilles was made by the Suez Canal. It was a place of small importance when the route to India went round the Cape. But look at it now! And think what it will become when Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and France make commercial use of the Rhone. Why, it means that the Mediterranean will become the market of the world. The

history of human civilisation has been determined in no small degree by the course of European rivers, and any change in the navigation of so important a river as the Rhine must permanently affect the commerce of the world.

At present the centre of agitation is the famous city of Basle. The inhabitants feel that the world is falling away from them with the tidal waters of the Rhine. With only two feet of water under their bridges they will be marooned. And so a great cry goes up from this city of three nations, and the experts of European navigation are called in to decide their fate.

But we in England, spectators of a little matter which seems far too remote to touch our daily lives, are seriously, most seriously, involved in this dispute. Such is the romance of rivers.

FORBIDDEN LAND THROWN OPEN TIBET WANTS THE TELEGRAPH

English Engineer Talks With the Grand Lama

NATION TIRED OF SECLUSION

The world is giving up all its mysteries. There will soon be no place on earth where one cannot go.

The most inaccessible of all inhabited lands has been Tibet, perched high on the earth's loftiest bump. Not only because it is so far, and so high, and so mountain-walled, has Tibet preserved its loneliness, but also because strangers have been held off at arm's length.

If anyone has slipped into the lonely land it has been by stealth, and when his whereabouts have become known the daring traveller has been promptly marched out.

But time has brought changes to Tibet, and now the adventurous traveller receives a gentle welcome there. Rather curiously, this unexpected alteration comes to pass just when we might expect the timid reserve of shrinking Tibet to be greater than ever.

For up till quite recent years Tibet has been an outlying province of China, with Chinese governors and a Chinese army to preserve Chinese suzerainty.

Making Friends with the Natives

A suzerain power is one that has a kind of lordship over another country, but does not interfere much with its internal government. So China was a suzerain power over Tibet, and when we last had occasion to send an army into Tibet, because British subjects had been badly treated there, we insisted that China should pay a fine for not having taught her subjects better ways.

Since China has become a republic, however, her troops have withdrawn.

It might be expected that Tibet on being more independent would be prouder. But no. Mr. Fairley, a telegraph engineer from India, has been there by the invitation of the Tibetan Government; and now Mr. Bell, another British agent from India, is there fixing up a closer friendship.

The fact is that the people of Tibet want at last to be linked up with the rest of the world. They want to have a telegraph wire into their land.

Greatly Honoured Guest

Everywhere in Tibet Mr. Fairley was welcomed. He describes the people as the kindest and most inoffensive he has ever met. He was entertained by the State Council called the Kasha and the four Ministers called Shapes, who govern the country apart from its religion; and finally he had twenty minutes' talk with the Grand Lama, who is the head of the Buddhist religion of Tibet and the most honoured personage in the country.

In the past the Grand Lama has been kept in strict seclusion from foreign eyes, and 109 years have elapsed since a holder of this sacred office was seen by a European.

And so Tibet comes of its own accord into the circle of the nations willing to know and help one another, after centuries of seclusion and suspicion.

WHICH CREATURE IS SWIFTEST?

Speedometers for Animals

The rate at which many birds and animals can move has recently been measured by following them in aeroplanes or motor-cars fitted with speedometers.

A wolf was found to travel 38 miles an hour; an elk, 52 miles an hour. Still faster is the antelope, which can travel at the rate of over sixty miles an hour, but when going any distance jogs along at just half its "top speed."

An eagle flew at 46 miles an hour, but was beaten by the wild duck at 50.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Beetles on the Wing
GOSSAMER FLOATS IN THE AIR

By Our Country Correspondent

March 13. Just now, as in the autumn, innumerable threads of gossamer are seen floating in the air and settling on the grass like a veil. The gossamer is produced by a tiny spider, which mounts a post or plant and, putting its head to the wind, spins three or four threads, and then floats away on the breeze. Many of the threads become detached, and these form the network that we see.

March 14. Many of the long-bodied, agile little rove beetles are to be seen on the wing when the day is sunny. They are fierce little creatures with plenty of pluck, and will tackle almost any foe, no matter what his size.

March 15. We are beginning to be conscious that the countryside has started to don its summer mantle, and among the plants that are now coming into leaf are the gooseberry, quince, privet, dog rose, and snowberry.

March 16. The hoodie crows, which have been seen inland, are now moving northward or seaward, where they will nest on rocky cliffs or in woods by the shore.

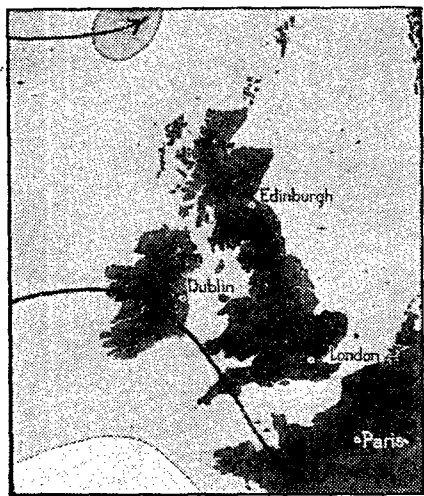
March 17. The brimstone butterfly is very conspicuous and easy to identify on account of its bright sulphur-yellow colour, though the female is more of a greenish-white than a distinct yellow. It is getting on the wing and is fairly common in England.

March 18. Peacocks are beautiful to look upon, but they have no song, and at this season their note, which is often heard, is merely a harsh scream. In former times a roasted peacock formed the crowning dish at feasts.

March 19. The frogs are spawning, and we may see the eggs floating as an irregular, jelly-like mass on the surface of ponds. In three or four weeks the young tadpoles will hatch out.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Storms of March



This map shows the storm areas in the United Kingdom for March. The frequency of the storms is indicated by the darkness of the area, and the arrows show the direction

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow asparagus in drills 18 inches apart; new plantations may be made in favourable weather.

Permanent beds should be laid out three feet wide with two-foot alleys between them. Plant two rows of two-year-old crowns in each bed 15 to 18 inches apart in the line. The rows should be one foot apart.

After the plants are visible, mulch the surface of the bed with three inches of manure to keep the soil moist.

Sow the main crop of carrots and leeks, and make large sowings of the main crop of peas. Plant potatoes and edge grass walks.

In fine weather finish digging shrubbery borders and prune evergreens.

ENGLAND LEADS
THE WORLDTHE MOTHER OF MODERN
PAINTINGArt Treasures Found and Lost
LINE OF MASTERS WHOSE
NAMES PERISHED

Parliament once had for its Clerk of Works Geoffrey Chaucer, who in his spare time wrote those imperishable gems which made him the father of English poetry.

Today we have in Mr. Thomas Wilson a Clerk of Works to the Palace of Westminster who, if he cannot write anything so wonderful as the "Canterbury Tales," has earned our gratitude by revealing the forgotten fact that we had a great English school of painting long before Cimabue was born, and that in this branch of art England led the world.

Giovanni Cimabue, whom the world regards as the source of all modern painting, flourished in Italy during the last 60 years of the 13th century. But Mr. Wilson shows that the old Palace of Westminster had superb paintings, executed in St. Stephen's Chapel, where our old parliaments met.

Paintings Beyond Description

They were carried out between 1237 and 1265—that is, from a period before the birth of Cimabue and up to his 25th birthday.

The paintings, which were in oils, formed a remarkable and beautiful series of panels on the walls. Who the artists were we may never know, for the Plantagenet kings ordered every craftsman "from Kent to Cambridge-shire" to come to Westminster to assist.

One who saw them at the time described the works as "painted beyond description." Records of the work exist, and the official accounts tell of the oil and varnish used for the pictures.

The Pictures Behind the Wainscot

Wainscoting in time covered up these artistic treasures bequeathed from an age of unsuspected greatness, and not until 1800 were they re-discovered. In that year it became necessary to make structural alterations in order to admit 100 Irish members into Parliament.

Down came the wainscoting, and lo! there were the works of art wrought in Plantagenet days, revealing evidence of artistic pre-eminence in days when the painter's art in England was supposed to be yet unborn.

No attention was paid by the architects of 1800 to this priceless legacy from the past. Nothing was done to preserve the pictures, and so, when the fire of 1834 destroyed the building, there remained no record of this gorgeous splendour save in written records that all the world had forgotten until Mr. Wilson came forth to re-tell the astonishing story.

English Artists Before Cimabue

Except for brief notices in official documents the pictures and their story are as hopelessly lost as the secret of Stonehenge; but there is in all that we are now told the romantic suggestion that we once had as fine a school of native talent in painting as we had in architecture, incomparably splendid in our noble cathedrals.

It may not seem surprising that this should be so in a land that could produce poetry and architecture of the highest order; but history has it that for painting we had to rely upon foreigners. So we had ultimately; but the story of Westminster shows, not that a real early English school never existed, but that it rose, flourished, and was allowed to die before Cimabue, the "father of modern painting," had begun to influence art.

How was it possible for such a line to die out and their splendid art perish?

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

How Long Does a Parrot Live?

Under favourable conditions a parrot may live a century and more.

Can Snails Travel Without Their Shells?

No; probably a slug has been mistaken for a shell-less snail.

Is it Cruel to Carry Rabbits by the Ears?

A rabbit's body is heavy, and the pull on the ears must be very painful.

Do Chickens Have Fleas?

Poultry have fleas and lice and mites among their enemies, but not if they are carefully kept.

Can the Death's Head Moth be Found in Sussex?

This moth is variable in range as well as numbers. A local collector should be consulted.

Do Ichneumon Flies Attack Bees?

Two British species attack caterpillars, and one species preys upon greenfly, but we do not know of any that attack bees.

Do Pigs Tear Their Throats when Swimming?

The legend that pigs kill themselves by cutting their throats with their sharp fore hoofs is generally believed, but there is no truth in it.

Where do Rabbits Put the Earth they Burrow Out?

The earth will always be found at the entrance to a new burrow. In time it becomes hardened and solidified, while much of it is blown or trampled away.

Which Wood Weighs Lightest?

If we could completely expel the air it contains all wood would be found to possess much the same specific gravity, but, taking wood as we find it, that of the poplar is the lightest of generally known timber.

Why Does a Hen Go Broody?

A domestic hen lays eggs in order to hatch them, as does a bird in a nest. When she becomes broody it means that her time for laying is temporarily ended so that she may sit close and incubate the eggs. It is one of the manifestations of instinct, not reason.

How Long Can Fish Live Out of Water?

Some die very quickly, some, helped by modified gills, can travel overland; some, living on the mud flats at the mouths of rivers, seem quite comfortable so long as the tail alone is immersed in water. Lung fishes can live for months without water, sleeping in a sort of muddy cradle.

Do Stones Grow?

Stones are for the most part worn fragments of much greater masses of material, of boulders which once formed parts of mountains. They become in time reduced to grit, sand, and powder. If a stone is in water that has mineral matter in solution the matter is often deposited on the stone, which then gets larger. We see this in the case of the so-called petrifying springs.

How Does a Plant Differ from an Animal?

The dividing line is narrow low down in the scale, as in the case of sea-anemones, sea-lilies, and sponges, which are animals, while insectivorous plants are vegetable. Briefly, let us say that an animal, either in the larval or adult stage, has free movement, and that the plant derives its food from inorganic substances, which animal life does not.

What is an Animal Sanctuary? An enclosed stretch of country in which creatures like the American bison or the English swallow-tail butterfly are protected and given a chance of increasing in numbers free from restraint. The whole fascinating question of the future of the animals is discussed in an interesting article in My Magazine, the C.N. monthly for April, ready next Tuesday.

THE TWINS IN THE SKY

HOW A STAR'S DISTANCE
IS MEASUREDDifficult Task for the
Astronomers

VALUE OF THE SPECTROSCOPE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There are two bright stars that have been very prominent for some weeks past. They are Castor and Pollux of the constellation of Gemini, the Twins.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock they are due south and very high up, almost overhead, Castor being the uppermost. The Moon will be a little to the south-west of them on Friday next.

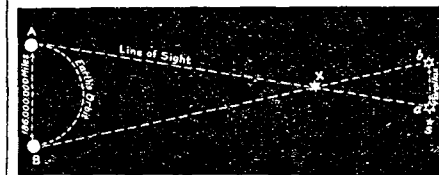
South of the Twins, about five times as far as Castor is from Pollux, is a still brighter star, Procyon, which is much the nearest of the three, being but 10½ light years distant, while Pollux is about five times as far. The original calculation was 58 light years, this having been corrected to 51 by recent and more exact measurements of the star's parallax.

The Meaning of Parallax

The parallax method of finding the distance of stars is quite simple in principle, as can be seen from the diagram, in which the relative proportions are much exaggerated for clearness.

Let us suppose when the earth was at A in its orbit, on March 21, an observer examined the star X, of which he wished to know the distance. Now, from his position on March 21, the star X would appear at the point a, close to the tiny and far-distant star S, being seen then almost in the line of sight.

But suppose six months later the observer looked again; the Earth by now would have moved to B, and he



The Meaning of Parallax

would see that, in consequence, the star X appeared to be farther away from the small star S, and was at the place marked b.

The apparent length of this apparent change of position from a to b is the star's parallax; and as we know almost exactly that the Earth and the observer when at B are about 186,000,000 miles from where they were when at A, it becomes but a simple geometrical calculation to find how far away the star X is.

This is, of course, supposing that the tiny star S is too far off to appear to move, for it is obvious that the farther off a star is the smaller will be the parallax, and barely a hundred have been found with a parallax large enough to be measured with certainty. Parallax, though simple in principle, is exceedingly complicated in practice, because everything is moving at enormous speeds.

Difficulties of Measurement

There are other variations which greatly confuse matters, and all these must be measured and allowed for. Moreover, the parallax is very minute, much less than a second of arc.

If the apparent width of the Moon were divided into 1800 parts one part only would be a second of arc, so the most powerful instruments alone show it.

Now, the parallax of Pollux is only 0.64, or a little over a fifteenth part of a second of arc, which shows him to be 51 light years distant, while Procyon has a parallax of nearly a third of a second, and therefore he is nearly five times nearer, or 10½ light years.

Fortunately, astronomers have other methods of calculating a star's distance, the spectroscopic being of great value, and from this we learn at present that Pollux is 46½ and Procyon 9 light years distant.

G. F. M.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the
Secret of an Old Ruin : : Told by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 52

Where is the Plate?

STAN drew a quick breath. "Dead, do you mean, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Astley was on his knees by Caffyn's body. He had pulled open his shirt and had his ear on the man's chest. Presently he looked up.

"No, he is not dead; his heart is beating. But he is badly hurt, Prynn. Go to the quarry cottage below, and see if you can get two men and a hurdle or stretcher."

Stan hurried off.

He was relieved to find that the cottage people were still up, and when he told them what had happened two sturdy brothers named French got a quarry stretcher and came with him up the hill.

"Be he badly hurt, sir?" asked one as they reached the overturned car.

"One leg broken and his head is badly cut," said Mr. Astley. "There may, of course, be other injuries, but we shall have to wait for the doctor to hear about those."

"A wonder he weren't killed outright," said the elder French. "What ever made the chap go driving a car over a track like that? Why, 'twas madness!"

Mr. Astley did not explain to them the cause of the smash, but helped them to carry the insensible man down the hill to the cottage, where they put him to bed.

One of the good fellows then said he would take his bicycle and go to Manaton for the doctor; so, promising to come back in the morning, and meantime leaving some money for expenses, Mr. Astley left the cottage and, accompanied by Stan, started once more up the slope.

"What about the plate, sir?" was Stan's first question as they walked through the deep heather.

Mr. Astley turned his head towards Stan.

"There is no plate," he answered quietly.

Stan was too astonished to speak. He merely stared.

"I have looked everywhere," continued Mr. Astley, "and I am convinced that it could not have been in the car when it upset. There is nothing of the kind in or about the car."

Stan gasped.

"B-but where is it?" he managed to ask.

Mr. Astley shrugged his shoulders.

"That is more than I can tell you, Prynn. I confess to being completely puzzled. It's quite certain that Delmar did not run away with any of it, and I do not think it likely that he and Caffyn dumped their cargo overboard."

Stan shook his head.

"Certainly that's not likely, sir. Not after all the risks they took in getting it. I wonder if they had time to hide it when we lost sight of them after they left the old mine."

"I don't know where they could have put it if they did," replied Mr. Astley; "and I know the moor at least as well as Caffyn."

"But we can't go back without it!" exclaimed Stan in despair. "What will Father say?"

Mr. Astley looked sharply at the boy.

"Do you mean that you think he may let you off punishment if you bring back the plate, Prynn?" he asked, rather curtly.

Stan started as if stung.

"Punishment! It never entered my mind, sir. It's of Father I was thinking."

He paused, but the temptation to go on was too strong, and, anyhow, there was no particular reason why he should not tell Mr. Astley. If the

plate were not recovered he would know soon enough. And he, like the rest, would suffer, for he would lose his position and salary when the school smashed up.

"Father is in debt, sir. He lost money in a bank smash, and had to borrow to carry on. Now the lender is threatening to— to force close, I think they call it, and if the money isn't paid soon they will take the school and everything."

Mr. Astley looked startled.

"I had no idea of this, Prynn," he said quickly. "So, you are hoping that the value of the plate may pay the debt and save the school?"

"That's it, sir; so you won't wonder I am awfully anxious to recover it."

"Indeed no, my boy. Well, you and I will do our best, but for the present there does not seem anything to be done. We cannot continue our hunt in the dark—or rather by this moonlight."

He paused and considered.

"The best thing to do," he said, "will be to go back; pick up Harker, and return to Storr Royal. Tomorrow morning I will start out early, if your father will allow me to do so, and get what help I can. With a good party to scour the moor, and in broad daylight, there will be a better chance of discovering the hiding-place. Besides," he added, "we may get on the track of this young scamp Delmar, or, if not, it is possible that Caffyn may be induced to talk."

With this Stan had to be content, but his spirits were at their lowest ebb as, seated in the side-car, he was whirled along the road.

In an astonishingly short time they were back at the house of Farmer Cobleigh, who was waiting up for them.

"Your Mr. Harker be in bed and asleep, Mr. Astley," he said. "The lad were fair worn out, and it would be a pity to rouse him. Couldn't you let him stay here the night, and I'll send him along to the school in the post motor-van in the morning, or, if I can't catch that, in my own trap?"

Mr. Astley hesitated a moment. He was not quite sure what the Headmaster would say. But he knew well what a very rough time Hank had had during the past seven or eight hours, and presently he made up his mind to do as Mr. Cobleigh suggested.

The farmer insisted on giving them some supper; then they got on to the road again, and, driving full speed down the long slopes, were back at Storr Royal a little before eleven.

They found the main gate open, and the porter waiting for them.

"My goodness, sir, I'm glad you're back," was his greeting. "The master's in a terrible taking."

In all the excitement of the past few hours, and his intense anxiety to recover the plate, Stan had practically forgotten how he himself stood in the matter. Now he remembered that he and Hank had been guilty of breaking the most stringent of his father's rules. They had not only gone out of bounds, but done so in defiance of Mr. Prynn's direct orders.

He knew his father far too well to expect that any excuse he could offer would be accepted, and his heart sank very low indeed as he and Mr. Astley walked across to the Master's house.

CHAPTER 53

An Ultimatum from Mr. Delmar

STAN's first sight of his father's face was not encouraging.

Mr. Prynn's lips were drawn in one straight line, his forehead was deeply creased, but, though he looked angry, he seemed also so

drearily anxious and worried that Stan felt a pang of sorrow.

"So you are back?" he said; and Stan did not know whether or not there was a tone of relief in his voice. Then: "You will wait in the other room, Standish, until I have heard what Mr. Astley has to say."

Stan went out again quietly, and sat waiting for nearly a quarter of an hour before he was called in.

Mr. Astley had gone.

"I have heard the whole story from Mr. Astley, Standish," said Mr. Prynn coldly. "I presume you realise that you have disobeyed the rules of the school in a most flagrant fashion, as well as running contrary to my own most explicit orders."

He paused and looked at his son, and Stan did not feel happy. He thought it best to keep silence.

"I shall not go further into the matter tonight," continued his father, in the same level tone. "Tomorrow, when Harker returns, you will both come to me for the punishment you deserve. Meantime, you can go to your dormitory."

Stan went. But now his feeling of sorrow had changed to one of rebellion. He felt sore and hurt.

Outside he found Mr. Astley.

"Prynn," he said quietly, "your father is very much upset about the whole business, and more particularly about the disappearance of Delmar. Whatever he has said to you I would not take it too much to heart."

Mr. Astley's kindness very nearly finished Stan. He had been through a good deal that day. There was such a lump in his throat that all he could do was to mutter:

"Thank you very much, sir. Good-night," and then hurry away.

Everyone else in the dormitory was asleep, and for this Stan was very thankful. He undressed hastily and crept into bed, and so worn out was he that his head was hardly on the pillow before he was sound asleep.

Delmar's and Hank's empty beds had naturally caused a lot of talk, and next morning Stan was besieged by eager questioners. To all he made the same answer:

"I can't say anything now. You'll all know before long."

At breakfast the school was humming with suppressed excitement. As Stan went out of the dining-room Mr. Astley met him, and took him aside.

"I am going up to the moor, Prynn, at once. Your father has asked me to do so. I wish I could take you, but your father will not allow it."

"Has anything been heard of Delmar, sir?" asked Stan.

"No, but I believe your father

telephoned last night to tell Mr. Delmar that his son was missing."

He was gone again before Stan could recover from the shock of this announcement, and Stan went to his morning work with a very heavy heart. He had not even Hank with whom to discuss things.

All through school hours there was the same uneasy air of suspense. The boys were aware that something was wrong, but Stan was the only one of them all who knew the truth.

Even Mr. Cotter shared the general disquiet, and forbore to make himself as disagreeable to his form as he usually did.

Twelve came at last, and the boys trooped out of their classrooms. Stan's one idea was to get some news of Hank; but on inquiring at the gate he learned that nothing had yet been seen of him.

He had no heart to go to the playing field or gymnasium, but hung about, hoping for news.

It was not long in coming, but not in the shape in which he expected it.

He received a summons to attend in his father's study, and hurried off at once.

At the door of the house he met Bee. Her small face looked pinched and anxious, and she drew him quickly into the drawing-room.

"Oh, Stan," she said, "that dreadful Mr. Delmar is here again, and he has been just shouting at father. It—it's dreadful!"

She was nearly crying.

Stan pulled himself together, gave her a good hug, and kissed her.

"Cheer up, old thing!" he said, with a smile which looked almost genuine. "Mr. Delmar can't do anything, and he won't feel so bumptious after he's heard what I have to say. Mr. Astley has gone after the plate, and once we get that we can laugh at all our troubles."

He kissed her again, and hurried to the study.

Mr. Delmar stood opposite Mr. Prynn. His big face looked bigger and redder than ever; his eyes seemed to stick out of his head; he was evidently in a great rage.

There was something like relief on Mr. Prynn's face as he saw Stan.

"Standish," he said quietly, "I wish you to tell Mr. Delmar what happened yesterday. He seems—there was a note of sarcasm in his voice—to doubt my word."

The money-lender turned and glared at Stan, but Stan was not frightened. He started in at once, and briefly, but very plainly, told just what happened, from the time he and Hank had gone down into the ruins to the minute when Adnan Delmar had bolted from the car.

Nor did he spare Adnan in any way, but let his father know very clearly just what rascally part he had played in the theft of the plate.

The big money-lender grew redder and redder as he listened. He seemed to swell like a turkey cock.

Stan had hardly finished before he burst out in a fury.

"A pack of lies! I don't believe a word of it. My son has been a victim of foul play. I was a fool to send him to a place like this!"

Stan boiled inwardly, but he had learned to keep his temper.

"Every word I have said is absolutely true," he replied quietly, "and when Harker comes back he can corroborate it. So can Mr. Astley—at least, the last part of it. And the empty chest is there for you to look at if you want to."

"I don't want to," retorted Mr. Delmar fiercely. "The story is an invention from beginning to end."

He swung round on Mr. Prynn.

"My belief is that this is a plot to get yourself out of paying your debts. But don't think it!" He shook his fist. "You'll pay the last penny, and you'll find my son. If you fail in either I shall take legal proceedings at once. That is my last word."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Who Was She?

The Warrior Queen

A CERTAIN king when he died left his property jointly to his daughters and a powerful emperor in the hope that this would induce the emperor to protect the rights of the princesses and their mother, the queen.

But the emperor's officers took advantage of the fact that their master had some rights in the property, and seized the whole of the goods in a very brutal fashion.

This roused the indignation of the brave widow, who denounced the injustice in unmeasured terms; and the officers, becoming infuriated at the scathing indictment, cruelly punished the queen and her daughters.

The queen, a woman of the highest spirit, might have put up with the indignity herself, but the treatment of her daughters roused her ire, and she determined on a terrible vengeance.

Addressing her late husband's subjects in thrilling words, she fired them with courage, emphasising her speech with a curious symbol. In the middle of the burning oration she let loose a hare that had been concealed in the folds of her garment, and allowed it to escape in the crowd. This, she declared, was an omen that her people should be free from the imperial yoke.

A great army was gathered, the oppressors were attacked, and tens of thousands put to the sword. But retribution was to come. The emperor's general marched against the queen, and though his force was small in numbers it made up for this by an iron discipline, and completely routed the queen's army. Eighty thousand of them were slain on the battlefield.

In those days mercy was a rare quality in warfare, and the beaten foe was not spared. The queen had nothing to hope for from her conquerors, and though she managed to escape from the field of battle, knowing sooner or later she would be captured, she poisoned herself.

It was a sad end to a brave woman. As an example of heroic courage she stands out splendidly on the page of history, and her name is a household word today. Poems have been written about her, and her statue is to be seen in a place of honour in one of the world's great capitals.

Her story, however, though providing an instance of glorious patriotism, shows also the triumph of discipline over mere enthusiasm and the power of civilisation in overcoming barbarism.

Although we really know little about the facts of this queen's life, we feel we know her very well indeed, so vividly is her story written on our minds. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



Once More in Meadow and in Lane the Daffodils Shall Flame

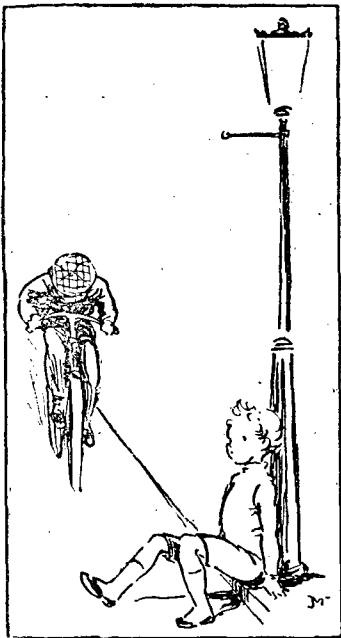
DI MERRYMAN

"DID the laundryman find those cuffs he lost last week?" asked Mr. Jones of his wife.

"No, dear," she replied.

"But the shirts are no good to me without the cuffs!" he returned.

"That is apparently what he thought, my dear," said Mrs. Jones. "This week he lost the shirts."



Safety First

Do not sit on the kerb: it is not meant for a seat

Sunshine Everywhere

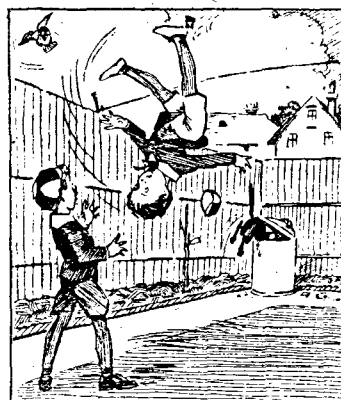
THERE'S always left a little ray
To brighten up our sorrow;
Today will soon be yesterday,
And Hope dwells in tomorrow.

WHAT is lengthened by being cut
at both ends?
A ditch.

What are These Things?

BY adding fifty in each case change
a beverage into a bird, an
ocean into an animal, a vegetable
into a sound, a well-known animal
into something that goes in a chimney,
and a weapon into a basin.

Answers next week



Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke
AUGUSTUS and young Marmaduke
Had to a circus been,

And there a man upon a wire
Those naughty boys had seen.
They fixed a wire across the yard.
"Now watch me!" Gussie cried;
"I'm going to walk along the wire!"
To do so then he tried.
But when he'd gone a foot or two
The wire began to shake.
"There's something wrong!" young
Gussie cried;
"There must be some mistake!"
And down he fell from off the wire,
Right down upon his head.
"I don't think I will try today!"
Was all young Marmy said.

Choose Your Friends Wisely

By Peter Fock

IF you should meet a porcupine
Don't ask him in to lunch or dine;
Creatures so spiky are unable
To sit like gentlefolks at table.

Hidden Fish

The name of a fish is hidden in each
of the following sentences. Do you
know what they are?

BE calmer, O aching heart!
I have seen dogs push a door
open.

Let's have a good frolic, O do,
dear father!

Our teacher rings the bell five
minutes too soon.

Decatur bothered the Algerines
more than once.

Place the crowbar below the log in
order to raise it.

Solution next week

The Crow Who Stuck in the Dough

THERE once was a very black
crow
Who said, "Baking is easy, you
know."

By means of his legs
He mixed flour and eggs,
And got stuck, I am told, in the
dough.

Is Your Name Cole?

IF so it may have come from
Nicolas, being shortened to
its present form; but in other cases
the surname Cole has come from an
old Anglo-Saxon name, Cola.

Words Joined and Separated



Cocktail Carboy
Cock tail Car boy



Horsetail Blackcap
Horse tail Black cap

Here are some more pairs of words which,
although they have entirely different meanings,
are spelt alike, with the exception that in one
case the syllables form two separate words

WHAT is that which belongs to
yourself and is used more
by your friends than by you?

Your name.

A Visit to the Dentist

MR. SMITH had taken his small
son to the dentist's to have a
tooth removed.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I shall have
to charge you one pound for that,"
remarked the dentist to Mr. Smith
after he had finished.

"One pound?" exclaimed the
boy's father, indignantly. "But
I understood that you only charged
five shillings for such work!"

"So I do," replied the dentist,
"but your boy yelled so terribly
that he scared three other patients
out of the waiting-room!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Wizard's Alphabet

The letters are L, B, T, O, D and J.

Anagrams

Anemone, violet, mignonette, aster,
sweet pea, gardenia, hyacinth.

Mind the Catch

It was 3.45—a quarter (of a kipper)
to four (persons).

Jacko Can't Stop

CLATTER! clatter! clatter! The sound of horse's hoofs.
Jacko ran to the window and poked his head out.

It was an officer coming down the road on horseback. And
what a horse! Jacko had never seen such a magnificent
creature. The man was just as magnificent.

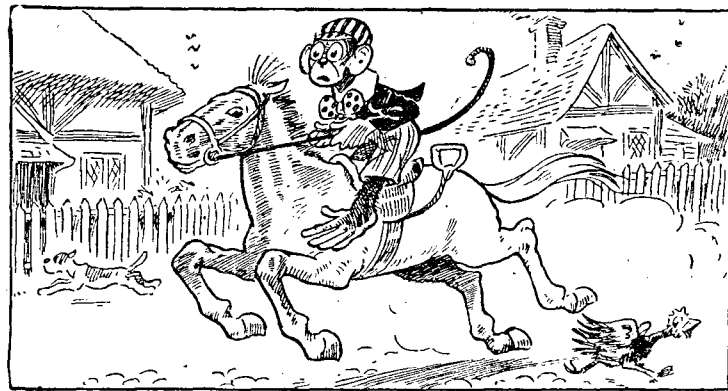
"Coo! Swank!" remarked Master Jacko, as he caught
sight of him.

With his hat set at an angle, and his little riding cane, and his
dazzling spurs, he almost took Jacko's breath away.

As he stood staring the apparition stopped—outside their
door! The man got down, marched solemnly up the steps,
and knocked three times.

At the third knock Jacko was waiting on the mat.

"Mr. Murphy live here?" demanded the apparition.



The horse tore off like a mad thing

"No, sir," said Jacko. "Next door."

"Humph!" said the apparition. He thought a minute,
and then, "Can you hold my horse?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Jacko, beaming with delight.

In another minute the man had disappeared from view, and
there was Jacko standing proudly at the horse's head.

"You are a beauty!" he said, looking up at the horse
in admiration.

He patted him, and ran his hand gently over his silky coat.
The horse seemed to like it.

"And good-tempered too," added Jacko. "I wonder if
you'd let me ride you—just to the end of the road."

As the horse made no objection Jacko put his foot in the
stirrup, and sprang up on to his back.

"Gee up!" said Jacko, and the horse started off.

Jacko was enjoying himself.

When they reached the end of the road he pulled the rein to
turn him round.

But the horse took no notice. He went straight on.

"Here! Whoa!" said Jacko, tugging at the reins.

The horse went a bit faster.

"Stop!" cried Jacko.

But he didn't—what is more, he suddenly took the bit between
his teeth, and tore off like a mad thing. On he went, and he
didn't stop till he reached the barracks at the end of the town.

He tore in through the gates, flew past the sentry, and stopped
dead outside the door of the officers' quarters. He stopped so
suddenly that he shot Jacko clean over his head.

"Here!" cried a voice. "What are you doing with the
Colonel's horse?"

"It's what he's doing with me!" replied Jacko, indignantly,
picking himself up. "I got on his back—just for a tick—and
he dashed off with me."

The man burst out laughing.

"Where's the Colonel?" he asked. "You'll get it, my lad."

But the Colonel was merciful, and for once Jacko got off
scot free.

But he hasn't tried to ride a strange horse since.

Ici on Parle Français



La lucarne La barbe Le berceau
Il y a une lucarne sur le toit
Le vieillard a une barbe blanche
Le bébé dort dans son berceau



La claie Un élan Le chaland
Le champ est entouré de claies
L'élan habite les régions boréales
Le chaland avance lentement

Notes and Queries

What is a Magnum Opus?
These words, which are Latin,
mean a great work.

What are Aesthetics? The
word comes from the Greek
verb to feel, and means the
science of the beautiful in
nature and art.

What is Social Amelioration?
An improvement in the habits
and condition of the people
generally.

What are Consols? This is
a short form for Consolidated,
and refers to various kinds of
Government stock which were
consolidated into one kind at a
uniform rate of interest.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Hiding Place

MILLY was always losing her
things.

Of course it got her into
terrible trouble. Once it made
her unhappy for a whole day.

It was through a book, a
beautiful book of fairy tales full
of coloured pictures.

Cousin Ella had lent it to
her; and Milly thought it the
most wonderful book she had
ever seen.

Cousin Ella was grown-up.
She was very fond of books.
She had a room full of them,
and sometimes Milly was allowed
to spend the afternoon in it.

One day she found the best-
book-of-all, as she called it, and
begged permission to take it
home.

Cousin Ella thought for a
minute; then she said:

"Yes, if you promise to take
the very best care of it."

Of course Milly promised, and
of course she meant to keep
her word.

She had the book a week, and
then one day when she went to
look for it it had gone.

High and low she searched,
but no book could she find.

What would Cousin Ella
say? Never again would she
be allowed to sit on the floor
of the cosy little room and
read the tales she loved.

She searched till she cried,
and when she fell asleep that
night the tears were still wet
on her cheeks.

When she opened her eyes
again the moon was streaming
in through the open window.
It seemed to beckon to her.

She got up and looked out.
What she saw nearly made her
cry out with astonishment.

She slipped on her dressing-



There were six little fairies

gown, ran down the stairs, and
out into the garden.

And there, under the old
apple tree, were six little
fairies sitting in a ring—bend-
ing over the lost book!

Milly clapped her hands.

Of course, the fairies had
stolen her book, and that was
why she had not been able
to find it. She crept away,
fearful of startling them, and
went back to bed feeling sure it
would be there in the morning.

And so it was—just where she
had left it two days before!

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

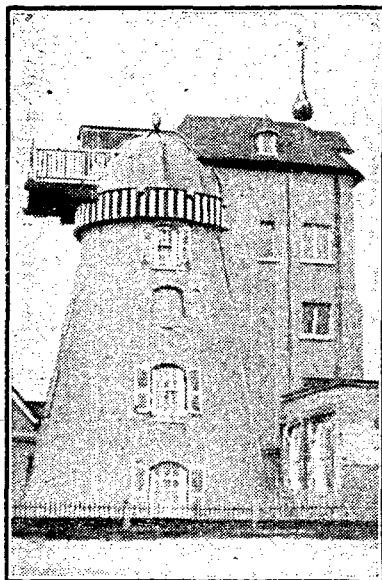
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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WINDMILL AS A HOUSE • MILLION POUNDS IN A CART • MUSIC IN THE FACTORY



Windmill as a Home—A windmill at Aldeburgh which has been converted into a comfortable dwelling house



Eton Boys at Fire Drill—The weekly practices of fire drill at Eton College are very popular, and here we see the boys busily at work with the hose. On page one is shown a boy jumping into a sheet



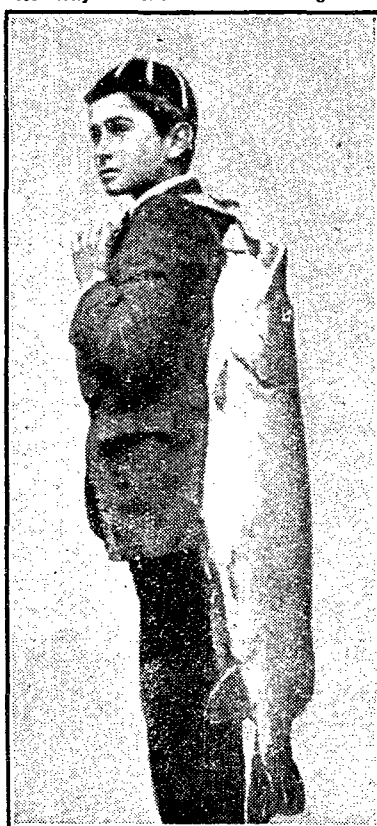
A Million Pounds in Gold—This van contains gold worth £1,000,000 on its way to the Bank of England



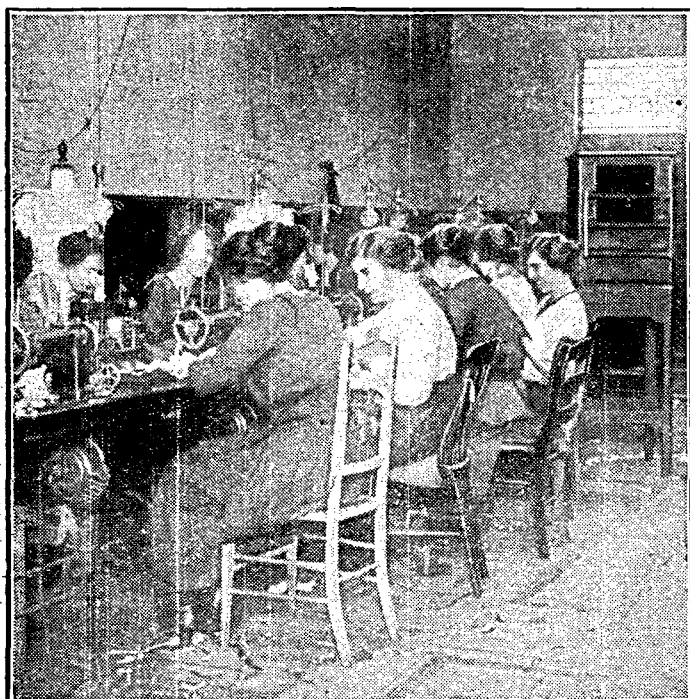
Peter Puck in Real Life—Alan Morgan, who won a prize for his costume as Peter Puck. See page 3



Fun With a Bear at the Zoo—The brown bear at the London Zoo is very tame and very playful. He loves a game, and here we see him going through his exercises with a little visitor with whom he is very friendly



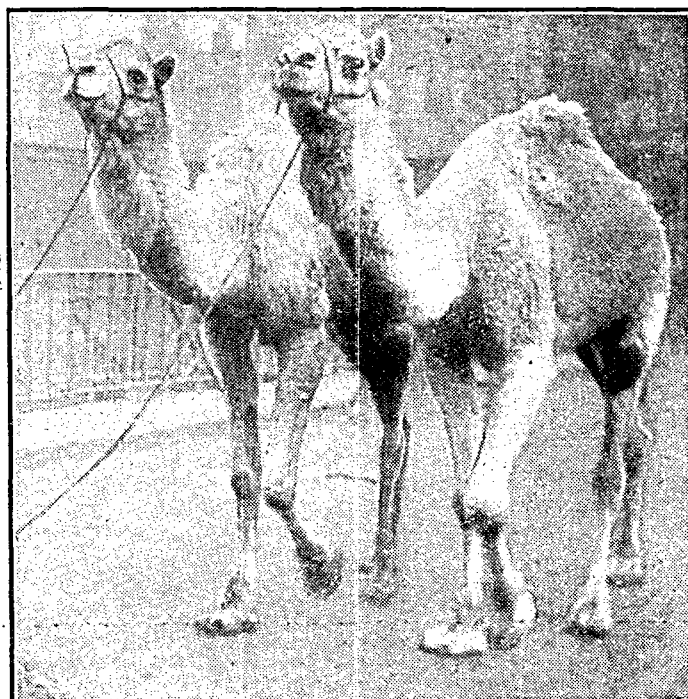
Schoolboy's Fine Catch—A schoolboy at Horning, in Norfolk, with the large pike. 39 inches long, which he recently caught



Music in the Factory—Several firms, believing that music helps people to work better, are introducing bands and gramophones. Here we see a gramophone in a London factory. See page 2



Women Students at Play—An exciting moment in the women students' inter-college lacrosse match at Oxford



New Visitors to London—These one-humped camels from Morocco recently arrived in London and were taken through the streets to the premises of the naturalist who has imported them